

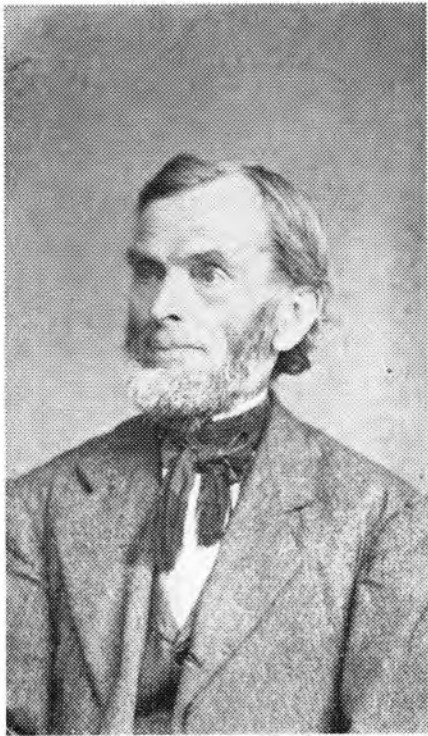
MEMOIRS
of
Ernst Moritz Buerger

translated by
EDGAR JOACHIM BUERGER



CONCORDIA THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
LIBRARY
SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

Published by Martin Julian Buerger
Lincoln, Massachusetts
September, 1953



PROLOGUE

This is a prologue for the reader, an epilogue for the translator. The writer spent many laborious hours, especially during the months immediately following his release from the Army Chaplaincy, in the spring and summer of 1946, while he was awaiting a call back into the Lutheran ministry, in deciphering and transcribing the somewhat ancient cursive German handwriting of the Rev. Ernst Moritz Buerger, his long-sainted forebear, and then getting it into somewhat readable English. This latter was done during odd spare moments of a parish ministry. This is now presented to the tolerant and sympathetic, loving eyes of the descendants of that stalwart giant of the faith, as well as to the less sympathetic and more critically analytical eyes of the public, more specifically the Lutheran public.

The writer uses the term "giant of the faith" deliberately and with forethought. He, the author of these *Memoirs*, must have been a "giant" spiritually speaking, to have done and to have endured all that he did and endured. This does not mean that the present writer, one in the third generation of his descendants, and one who has followed in his footsteps as a servant of the Word, agrees with everything that his great-grandfather has written, nor that he approves of all his actions and sentiments. In the expressions of this paragraph the writer's collaborator, Dr. Martin J. Buerger, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, another descendant of the third generation, who is seeing this work through the printer's, also unites.

The Lutherans of this generation know how thoroughly wrong the Rev. E.M.B. was in his opinion that the treasures of Lutheranism would be lost to the Lutheran Church, once that Church gave up the German. But the present writer is certain that many of those same Lutherans—and others—especially if the snows of the years have touched the hairs of their heads, have met with men and women of similar attitudes, fanatic in their tenacious clinging to the German language, and in their determination to keep English out of the churches. The writer had that experience in his early congregations. The writer also believes that there would be more Lutheran descendants of the author if English had been introduced into the Lutheran Church on a large scale at an earlier date.

There has been no effort at literary polish or linguistic niceties. There has, instead, been an almost slavish endeavor to give a literal translation, in order that a painstaking reader may read himself into

the time and spirit of the original author, and possibly feel himself into his mode of thinking. There has not been any expurgation; hence some of the material herein contained may add some new fuel to old conflagrations of controversy regarding the settlement at Perry County, and the spiritual leaders thereof. The present writer counts as personal friends some of the descendants of some of those leaders; no feud with them is intended, or anticipated. This material is not being given into print for the sake of the controversies, but to give primarily to "the Buerger clan", that is, the physical descendants of the sainted Rev. Ernst Moritz Buerger, their forebear's memoirs. If others choose to read it, they have here the thinking, the observations, the reactions of one of the stalwart of the "Saxon immigrants", which, by the grace of God, became the foundation of that staunch Church of the Word, the Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod.

It had been the original intention of the writer and his collaborator to include a "family tree" of the author of these *Memoirs*, but we soon saw that would be an impossibility without a tremendous amount of correspondence. Perhaps this little book will be the inspiration toward gathering accurate information, on the basis of which such a family tree can be prepared. It was even impossible to supply the birthdates of all the sons and daughters of the Rev. Ernst Moritz Buerger. If all his descendants will send to the writer accurate information, with dates, then, if it is reasonably complete, a mimeographed "tree" could be prepared. Correspondence will indicate whether such a thing is desired.

Poetry which our sainted forebear wrote is given in the original German, because, manifestly, a translation would destroy the poetry. At least, the writer has no poetic vein which could make English poetry out of German.

May the reading of these pages increase in the heart of each reader a loyalty to the blessed truth of God's Word, to which the life of the author of these *Memoirs* was dedicated.

(Rev.) Edgar J. Buerger

Holy Week, 1952.
Ellicottville, N. Y.

MEMOIRS

OF

Ernst Moritz Buerger, P. em.

As I now undertake, in these pages, to describe my life, I pray God that He may help me, that I do it to the honor, praise and glory of my gracious and merciful God, in sincere humility, and with hatred toward all lying and self-exaltation, as well as for the benefit, instruction, edification, encouragement, warning and comfort of my descendants and any eventual readers. As forefather of the Buerger generations in America, I have the obligation to convey this information, since it may well be of value to my progeny.

My Forefathers

From an old record, in an ancient book, which I inherited from my forefathers, and which my son Martin now possesses, I can prove that all my forefathers, as far back as 1679, or back to my great-great-grandfather, lived in Saxony, not far from Dresden, and were pastors in the Lutheran Church. This book, which my father presented to me, bears the title:

"Pfeiferi Dubia Vexata Scripturae Sacrae etc."

Printed by Melchior Bergen 1679, by the grace and
privilege of the Elector of Saxony.

On the title page of this book my father, grandfather, great-grandfather and great-great-grandfather, while making note of the year, wrote in their own hand, that the book had ever been in their possession, and was passed from father to son. My great-great-grandfather received it as a gift from his brother, M. G. Adam Buerger, Ecclesiae ad D. v. Missinae Minist. (i.e. Servant of the Church at Meissen) in the year 1680, as this title page demonstrates.

I will copy accurately what is written in ink on that title-page:

I) *In fraternae gratitudinis obsidem mittebat Dr. Joh. Christoph Buergero, Pastori Schoenb., cum ipsum Anno MDCLXXIX visitaret M. G. Adam Buerger, Ecclesiae ad D.V. Missinae Min. Anno MDCXXX.*

(M. G. Adam Buerger, by the will of God Servant (or minister) of the Church at Meissen, when he had visited him, for a pledge of brotherly gratitude in the year 1679, sent it to Dn. [Daniel? or Doctor] Joh(annes) Christoph Buerger, Pastor in Schoenb(urg) in the year 1630.) [Either 1680 was meant, or he was Pastor there since 1630.]

Joh. Christoph Buerger seems to be the brother of my great-great-grandfather, the M. G. Adam Buerger, here named.*

2) *Hunc praestantissimum librum ad difficiliora loca intelligenda possidet M. Jo. Christianus Buerger, 1746, Pastor Bernsdorf.* (That is my great-grandfather.)

(This very excellent book for the understanding of difficult passages M. Jo. Christian Buerger, Pastor at Bernsdorf, 1746, possesses.)

3) *Postea vero filius eius dilectiss. Christianus Gottlieb Buergerus, Pastor Bernsdorf 1753.* (This Christian Gottlieb Buerger is my grandfather.)

(Later, indeed, his most beloved son, Christian Gottlieb Buerger, Pastor at Bernsdorf, 1753.)

4) *Nunc vero eo utitur in memoriam avi et patris Christianus Gottlieb Benjamin Buergerus, 1775.* (That is my father, at the age of 19, in the year 1775, for he was born 1756, and died 1833 as Pastor in Seelitz, Saxony.)

(Now indeed it is used in memory of grandfather and father by Christian Gottlieb Benjamin Buerger, 1775.)

5) *Nunc possidet hunc librum in memoriam proavi, avi et patris Ernestus Mauritius Buergerus, studiosus Lipsiensis, 1829.*

(Now Ernst Moritz Buerger, student in Leipzig, 1829, possesses this book in memory of great-grandfather, grandfather and father.) That is I. I wrote that in the year 1829, in the above-mentioned book, at the time that my father presented it to me. A few years ago I presented it to my son Martin, who is Lutheran pastor in Wausau, Wisconsin.

Thus my forefathers have all been pastors as far back as 1679, specifically pastors of the Evangelical Lutheran Church. How many of them were faithful and orthodox pastors, that the day of judgment will reveal. At the time of my great-grandfather rationalism began to break forth in great strength in Germany, 1753.

My Father

was born July 4, 1756, in the village of Bernsdorf, near Dresden, where his father, M. Christian Gottlieb Buerger, was pastor. He must have lost his parents in youth, for I recall his speaking of a guardian, who administered his paternal inheritance. This guardian no doubt also saw to it that he was enrolled in the court-school (*Fuerstenschule*) at Meissen, where he prepared for attendance at the University. Very probably he studied at Leipzig from 1776 to 1779. The believing but chiliastic

* This seems confusing; Dn. (or Dr.) Joh. Christoph Buerger was the recipient, hence must have been the great-great-grandfather.

professor Crusius, of whom my father spoke at times, was at that time professor of theology at Leipzig. His studies completed, he became a house-teacher for a time, and later, about 1790, after having passed his examination before the Consistorium in Dresden, he became pastor at Langebrueck. There he married a young lady of Dresden, of whom were born two children, Carl and Christiane. He had her as spouse only a few years. She died 1796. After her death, about the year 1798, he married the daughter of a wealthy landowner in Langebrueck, Caroline Bruhm. To this union six children were born, two sons and four daughters. She was also my mother. Thus my father had eight children out of the first and second marriage. He was pastor in Langebrueck only a few years. About the year 1801 he was transferred to Arnsfeld, in the "*Erzgebirge*" of Saxony. There four children of the second marriage were born to him, Florentine, Auguste, Edward and Moritz (that is I), in the years from 1801 to 1806. Possibly my sister Florentine had already been born in Langebrueck.

Most probably about the year 1808 he was transferred to Seelitz, near Rochlitz, in the Leipzig district. There two other daughters were born to him, Maximiliane, 1808, and Caroline, 1810. His parish embraced 24 villages, the inhabitants of which all had to come to the beautiful, large church at Seelitz. Seelitz had probably been a bishopric in earlier times, for the pastor at Seelitz received taxes and grain-tribute, or tithes, also from neighboring parishes. My father was well-salaried. Aside from the usual emoluments from baptisms, marriages, funerals, confessionals, he profited from a large glebe land (*Pfarrgut*) and was at the same time magistrate (*Gerichtsherr*: appointing authority, with pardoning power) over a number of landowners, although he had to retain a president of court of justice for the lawsuits, when such occurred. This was a strange relic from ancient times. When in the Augsburg Confession, in the 20th chapter, it is declared concerning the power of bishops: "That bishops have power and jurisdiction in several matters, as in matrimonial affairs, and tithes, they have these by power of human rights," no doubt, when the Reformation began in Saxony, they left to the Bishops of Seelitz these little remnants of worldly power according to human rights, not divine, which, then, came down to the succeeding bishops and pastors, even to the time of my father.

It was probably about the year 1823 that lightning struck a straw roof within the closely-built village, so that practically the entire village, also the improvements belonging to the glebe land, were reduced to ashes, and the parsonage and the nearby church also almost became prey of the flames. The war years, up to 1814, at the time of Napoleon I, were difficult years for my parents. Billeting, danger and want there were

aplenty. I can remember that the glasses on the table, and the window-panes, rattled at the cannonading in the Battle of Leipzig, though this lay 10 hours distant from Seelitz.

At one time, too, thieves broke into the parsonage by way of the cemetery, and stole the entire laundry, all ready and rolled together in a downstairs room, and might have done something far more serious, had not some people, coming from a neighboring village, and having to pass by the cemetery, frightened them off.

It was also a severe blow to my parents that my brother Edward, who was with me at the "*Gymnasium*" (academy) in Dresden, was drowned while bathing in the Elbe.

My father was a tall, slender man, and wore his hair in a large roll at the nape of his neck, extending from ear to ear; he was of serious mien, carried himself with dignity, conducted himself honorably, and enjoyed great respect and honor. Unfortunately he was also carried away by the indifferentistic and rationalistic current of unbelief, as was the case with almost all pastors of Saxony. Since, through my contacts with believing Christians in Leipzig, I had been awakened, and after my "*examen pro candidatura*" had become his assistant, and then sought the truth with all diligence, and learned to know the true theology out of the writings of pure (or, orthodox) teachers, it could not be avoided that I ultimately entered into a very sad relationship with my father. Frequently rather distressing scenes developed concerning doctrine and practice. For four years I had to endure this fire, until I received a call from the Earl of Schoenburg for the pastorate in Lunzenau.

My father died not long after my departure, at the age of 77 years.

My Mother

She was, as already indicated, the daughter of the landowner Bruhm, in Langebrueck, near Dresden, and the spouse of my father after the death of his first wife; she was born about the year 1779. This my maternal grandfather at times entertained the Elector of Saxony, when the latter hunted wild boar in the forests of that area. When my mother married my father, she undertook the rearing of the two children of my father's first marriage, Carl and Christiane. At Langebrueck she gave birth to my oldest true sister, Florentine, 1799, and at Arnsfeld to my second sister, Auguste, 1801, my brother Edward, and me, Ernst Moritz Buerger, 1806; in Seelitz she gave birth to two other sisters, Maximiliane, 1808, and Caroline, 1810. We loved our mother dearly. She was a good-natured woman, honorable in conduct, but unfortunately also weak in Christian knowledge. Though external discipline was not lacking in our parental home, yet there was lack in the nurture and admonition

of the Lord, as that was quite generally the case, since the church was in a rather sorry state, and prophecy, namely the pure doctrine, was missing in the church.

After the death of my father she, together with my oldest sister, moved into the house which my father had caused to be built for her as dowager's estate in Seelitz. The other children were married and cared for. Only Florentine remained unmarried and looked after my mother. When she lost this my sister through death, and thus no longer had anyone to minister to her, she obtained a very good bursary in a foundation for women in Dresden, through the mediation of a high-standing relative, the finance-director of Dresden, who was the son-in-law of her sister. Upon the occasion of a visit to my sister Maximiliane, who was married to Pastor Noether in Dobra near Radeburg, she took sick and died, probably in the year 1853, hence 14 years after I had emigrated to America. The letters which she wrote to me here in America expressed the tenderest mother-love. In her last letter she predicted that I would still fare well in my advanced years. She had learned many things about my storm-tossed life here in America, and had expressed her sincere sympathy. Her wish is being fulfilled, and has, for years, been in the process of being fulfilled, for the days of my advanced years, while they have not been without many a cross, yet they have been quieter days than those that went before.

My Brothers and Sisters

Carl, the firstborn of the first union, my half-brother, gave himself to farming, leased the so-called great Funkenburg, a large estate near Leipzig, had great misfortunes, great losses through floods, etc., and was forced to support himself by other types of work. He was married and had one daughter. He died several years after my emigration, in Leipzig.

Christiane, my half-sister of my father's first marriage, married the merchant Schramm in Oederan, and died after the death of her husband in Dresden. There were two children: Antonia, widow of Judge Rabè of the Superior Court of Appeals in Dresden, who died as a young man, and Moritz, a merchant in Chemnitz.

Florentine, my oldest sister, of the second marriage, remained unmarried and died after the death of my father, while my mother was in Seelitz.

Auguste, my second true sister, born 1802, married the assistant deacon, Siegel, in Leissnig, and died after she had given birth to four children.

Edward, born 1804, was drowned while bathing in the Elbe, while we were together at Cross School in Dresden, in the year 1819.

After him I was born, 1806. More about myself in detail later.

Maximiliane, born 1808, was married to Pastor Noether in Dobra near Radeburg, and died childless, probably in the year 1859.

Caroline, born 1810, was married to Pastor G. Wagner in Grosshermsdorf, near Borna, and died as widow in the foundation in Lungewitz, near Dresden in 1883. She left two sons; a third was drowned. Both sons are still living; the elder in Milwaukee, the other in Dresden. The elder is married and has three children. The other is not married.

Having written briefly about my forefathers, my parents, brothers and sisters, something that might at some time be of benefit to someone, I now come to the more detailed presentation of my life's history.

History of My Life, My Birth and Baptism

I was born in the village of Arnsfeld in the Saxon "*Erzgebirge*" on the 17th of February, 1806. In Holy Baptism I received the name Ernst Moritz. The wife of the head-forester Steeger, sister of my mother, was one of my sponsors. That this was the date of my birth, and that I have been baptized, I read with my own eyes in the church-book of Arnsfeld, a solace to me to this day. Surely it was our faithful God who led me to the decision to make the journey into the "*Erzgebirge*" to visit my youngest sister, not far from the place of my birth, married to Pastor Wagner. At that time I was already assistant to my father, and had, for some time, been seeking my soul's salvation with great diligence, as well as with great inner unrest and deep concern. My brother-in-law offered to accompany me to the nearby village of Arnsfeld, to call on the pastor there. Upon our arrival there, I requested the latter to seek out, in the church-book, the date of my baptism, which he gladly did, and soon found what I was searching for. My joy was great as I read. A pity that I did not obtain a copy. Nevertheless, to have read with my own eyes is more precious to me than a thousand words. What a source of comfort it has been to me in my soul-struggles, in my later visitations! How important that passage has become to me: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." How joyfully I have been able frequently to say to myself, I know that I have been baptized, and I know, too, that I believe; therefore I shall be saved! For that reason, too, this has been important to me: pastors should never neglect, having performed baptisms, to give the necessary certificates. For souls to whom Holy Baptism, its glory, its gifts, and its inherent consolation are known and appreciated, and not, as many, despisers of their baptism, the possession of such a certificate must be of great value. A pastor should bear in mind that among those to whom he gives a baptismal certificate, there may

be souls who will use it for their abiding comfort, entirely apart from the circumstance that such a certificate may be useful for secular circumstances also. Are there not perhaps many in America who were actually baptized, but do not know it as incontestible, who would know from such a certificate that they have received the Sacrament of Holy Baptism? Is not the certainty of one's baptism a great thing? Sponsors can indeed give oral testimony to those for whom they spoke in the Sacrament of Baptism; that is of great value. But how frequently children lose their sponsors at an early date through death! At least Lutheran pastors should not become guilty of the loose practice so prevalent in America that no entry of baptisms is made at all in the church-books. I still have great inclination to send to Germany for my baptismal certificate, and to put it into an attractive frame.

My Childhood, to the Fourteenth Year of My Life

When I was about two years old, my father was called to Seelitz near Rochlitz, and, with my mother and six children, he moved to that place. Out of my earliest childhood, when I was still scarcely four years old, I can recall that, as she prepared us for bed, our maid encouraged us to pray: "O precious Lord, I pray of Thee, A pious child cause me to be, But if this is not so to be, etc." She also taught us the stanza: "Let me this night experience quiet, sweet repose, all evil, etc." Our maternal grandmother had moved in with us from Langebrueck. As the result of an accident (a fall) she suffered a dislocation of the hip, and was forced to spend the rest of her life sitting in a chair, or lying in bed. She taught me the stanza:

My God, sincerely I thank Thee
For all the blessings which to me
From childhood to this present hour
Thou has granted so abundantly.

I cannot remember the other stanzas as well as this first, which I used quite frequently in later life as my prayer, and which I still use; and I am at such times invariably reminded of my grandmother. Thus God saw to it that even in early childhood I should receive spiritual food, something that grew ever scarcer in the family. When I was somewhat older, a pious old aunt visited us from the "Erzgebirge". She related to us children that at home it was a custom that at the time of the evening bells everyone, in the fields or in the home, paused in their work, bared their heads and offered prayer. I listened attentively to this old aunt, and resolved then and there to follow this same practice, which I also did. At the time of the evening bells, I took my two younger sisters with

me into the garden and repeated prayers before them, which they spoke after me. I prayed: "Dear God, make us pious, and guard against all sin and evil companions." While, in later life, I became lax in this, indeed, forsook the practice entirely, I was ever and again reminded of it at the sound of the evening bells, when I was at the academy, and also later in the university. Then I would engage in prayer once more. But I would, alas, again be led away from it by the currents of the world and the influence of careless fellow-students, until I was finally led back to a devoted prayer life, when God took me into His school of affliction.

Our early schooling we received from our father. We had a private tutor for only about a year. When my half-brother and -sister had left the parental home and my older true sisters had been confirmed, my brother and I, as well as my two younger sisters had to spend six hours in our school-room, part of the time being instructed by our father, part of the time to study alone. In the years of war these lesson periods were disrupted considerably. Even at a very early date our father began instructing my brother and me in Latin, and later also in Greek. When we were able to begin with Cornelius Nepos, he sent us to the academy (German: *Gymnasium*) in Chemnitz, about six hours distant from Seelitz. We entered Tertia. The "Tertius" was a hard and severe man. He punished even trivial things by striking the open palm with a Spanish reed, something so painful that one could have cried aloud. How happy we were when our father permitted us to return home after the expiration of a year. He regarded it as wiser to have us study under the Deacon Graupner in the neighboring city of Rochlitz. Though we made progress there in Latin and Greek, the religious instruction was just that much straw.

Once, on the way to school at Rochlitz, I came near bleeding to death. My brother who was going on ahead, had let his knife fall into the snow in such a manner that the point of the open knife was upward, the grip itself in the snow. I stepped on this point so that it not only cut through the boot, but also deep into my foot. My brother went on, not concerning himself about me, although I told him what had happened. I turned about and went home, where the wound was bandaged. Upon his return home my brother was sharply reprimanded by my father for having forsaken me at the time of the accident. He was quite a talented lad, and made rapid progress in school, but he was an evil and frivolous scamp, which he demonstrated especially in this that he mocked at us whenever I went into the garden with my sisters at the time of the evening bells for prayer.

Even at that time the devil sought to trouble me with severe trials. I recall that on one occasion a terrible fear came upon me, so that I ran from place to place, wringing my hands, calling upon God for help. At another time the devil troubled me with a terrible dream. It seemed as though I lay in hell in a white-hot flame. My parents heard me groan and cry out, so they awakened me. How happy I was that it was but a dream! If it is as terrible in hell as I dreamed at that time, then it is, indeed, terrible enough. The impression which that dream made upon me I have never forgotten throughout my life. Much pleasanter was another dream which also left a lasting impression upon me. I stood by a brook in a beautiful valley, near Seelitz. Suddenly I beheld my Savior, as He is usually pictured by artists. He seemed to hover over the brook, floating along, and casting an earnest but friendly glance upon me. He floated along, until He disappeared in the wooded region beyond. Although I am wary of regarding anything outside the Word of God as a revelation from God, still I would not say that this was merely a natural fantasy. Who would deny that even now the devil, under God's sufferance, plagues mankind? And who will deny that God uses dreams also to-day to warn and to comfort?

On one occasion I was in quite an attentive and worshipful spirit, at a time when I was alone in the church and was examining the beautifully fashioned wood carving of the body of our Savior upon the Cross which stood on the altar. Long I fixed my eyes upon Him, and departed from the church, conscious of a deep impression which that statuary made upon my heart.

On another occasion I was driven to importunate prayer when a stone, which I had thrown at a pear in a tree, fell upon my head with great force. In prayer I paced to and fro while in great pain, fearing that I had suffered a dangerous brain injury. When the pain eased, and there were no serious after-effects, I left the garden considerably relieved. I had not yet learned to indulge in praise and thanksgiving.

The day of my confirmation and the day on which I received Holy Communion for the first time were most solemn days for me, though I had not been properly instructed as to the gifts of which I was to partake. For at that time nothing correct or fundamental was taught in the church. Still my heart was directed heavenward in those days, and awakened to prayer. In the midst of the darkness of those days God was perceptibly working upon my soul. O that I might then have been more faithful! How often in my childhood I soiled my conduct with sin, with indiscretion, lies and even with shameful abuse of the name of God. I had not yet come to know my natural corruption; neither did I know anything about true repentance. That Christ had fully

atoned for my sins, that He had procured forgiveness, and that righteousness that avails before God, that we are justified only by faith in Him—these were as yet things unknown to me. Thanks, praise and glory be to God for His patience and longsuffering, which He revealed to me. May He not remember the sins of my youth, nor my early transgressions.

Six Years at the Holy Cross Academy in Dresden

After my confirmation our father took my brother and me to Cross School in Dresden. Our father accompanied us. A sitting-room and bedroom on the 4th floor, on Frauengasse, had been rented for 12 dollars. Here we were to live by ourselves, while boarding at a boarding house. Our father took us to the Rector of the Academy, who examined us. My brother was able to enter immediately into Tertia, I in Quarta. This residence was equipped with the necessary things. Our mother had sent along a goodly supply of provisions, which were to serve us for a time for breakfast and supper, but cats broke into our rooms and devoured a good part of this. Since my brother did not willingly lend a hand in the duties about the house, I had to do almost all of that work alone, which often occasioned quarrels. He was, as already indicated, a very frivolous, insolent and lascivious scamp, in whose companionship I was in grave danger. God brought his life to an end through a terrible judgment.

A fellow-classman of my brother's, who often visited him, took us along on a warm summer day to bathe in the Elbe. My brother and two others risked going out beyond the staked-off area, were caught in the current, and carried away. My brother and another were drowned; the third managed to save himself. As some of the bathers began to cry out, "Some swimmers are drowning out there," I looked for my brother, but could only find his clothing lying on the bank. The excitement among the people was great. Several other young people and I went along the shore to the point where the swimmers had been seen to sink. One man, who was fishing in that area, pointed out the place where they had drowned. He had not been able to reach them with his fishing rod, which he had held out to them. The bodies were never found. Weeping, I returned to the city with my brother's clothing. Several school-mates took me to the summer residence of the Rector, where all the teachers happened to be assembled for bowling. The Quartus, my teacher, took me with him, in order to seek out my cousin, Candidate Steeger, whom we finally found after much searching. A messenger was dispatched to the Cantor at Seelitz, who was to break the news of the tragedy to my parents. Thus great sorrow and heartache came into my parental home.

Since I could not be left alone, our residence was released, and a family that lived on the floor below took me in. Inasmuch as the long summer holidays were near at hand, I asked the rector for permission to return to my parents two weeks earlier, which request he granted. After five weeks I returned to Dresden. I obtained a bursary at the so-called Alumneum through some intercession. By means of a kindly endowment 32 students received free board, room and tuition, in return for which they were to sing at three churches, in the streets, and at funerals. On the same floor with us lived a Collaborator, who had the responsibility of supervising the students and conducting the morning and evening devotions. For this he used Witschel's Morning and Evening Sacrifice, and the singing of a hymn. That was a miserable bit of devotion. The students of lowest rank had to clean up the rooms, carry water, and render service to the older students. The Alumni were divided into two choirs, to which also so-called "*Currendaner*" belonged, who paid no tuition, but who lived in the city and had to board themselves. These two choirs had to sing an aria before every house, in a certain part of the city, in the evening, also at New Year and St. Martin's, carrying torches. (The other parts of the city belonged to the poor and the Neustaedter schoolboys.) The lower classmen had to go into the houses before which we had sung, up and down the stairs with boxes, to receive contributions. Our clothing consisted of a large Bonaparte-hat, worn as a general wears it, black frock, black trousers, over which the bootlegs had to come, and a linen cloak. Later the Napoleon-hat was discarded for ordinary hats.

The conduct among the students was just what might be expected under the leadership of unbelieving, rationalistic teachers. Religious education was a miserable drivel of heathen morality. Only the old "*Tertius*" offered the classmen of *Tertia* and *Quarta* something better. I recall one occasion when a teacher (it was the Rector) held up a *Primaner* to ridicule, because, in a German essay which he had prepared, there occurred some pious thoughts, and a prayer directed to Jesus. With a "*Pfui*" he thrust it aside. In *Prima* and *Secunda* the religious instruction was given according to Niemeyer's Book of Instruction for Upper Classmen, in which the instructor (it was the Rector) did not catechize, but merely read the further expositions of the textbook, probably prepared by Niemeyer, which was extremely boring. One teacher, the Conrector, did not hesitate, in lectures about one of the old classicists, to tell miserable, filthy, and even immoral jokes and slimy anecdotes, and to laugh with the class, when the students broke out in sustained laughter. One can readily understand what sort of fruit that produced. Lewd conduct, self-abuse, swearing, even sodomy and other abomina-

tions were in evidence among the alumni. No schoolboard reprimanded or exercised discipline. It was a blessed dispensation of God to me that a fellow-student loaned me the book, Salzmann's "*Geheime Suenden der Jugend*" (Secret Sins of Youth). I read this attentively; we discussed it together, and were on our guard against students who seemed to us suspicious in this respect. When, upon another occasion, the book "*Stunden der Andacht*" (Hours of Devotion) fortuitously came into my hands, I was edified in the reading, and read therein very diligently. At least they offered some nourishment, and guarded me against the evils of my fellow-students. This book could not, however, lead me to a correct and thorough knowledge of salutary doctrine and to true repentance. I was enthusiastic about noble poetry. I found pleasure in romantic regions and in shady groves. On festival occasions I was particularly inclined to devoutness, and gladly went to hear some renowned preacher. Alas, that they were unbelieving, and sought to impress with fine-sounding phrases. The two orthodox preachers to be found in Dresden at that time were held in disdain. People were afraid of the contumely which fell upon those who held to these preachers. Later both fell very sadly. One of them is said to have been seen upon the streets of Dresden, after his dismissal from office, as a tramp, drunk and boisterous.

When I was in Tertia, I almost lost my life in a sudden fall. A fellow-student was chasing me among the school desks. While doing this, I fell in such a manner that my chest struck the end of a desk, with the whole weight of my body behind it, so that I was practically breathless for several minutes. From that time on I was in poor health. I could no longer sing, and had to leave the Alumneum. Much later, when I was a student in Leipzig, a doctor discovered that I had broken a rib. Even to-day the cartileginous growth is noticeable. A simple remedy, which I had found in some book, namely the inhaling of fumes from the resin of white pine, poured upon a hot iron, healed me entirely, so that, even in my advanced age, I have ever had a healthy chest. Praise be to God for His goodness.

By and by I moved on to Prima. After six years at Cross School I, together with twenty others, was graduated in a formal affair in the presence of the schoolboard and a large assembly. Each graduate had to appear before the Rector and, in poetry or prose, deliver a speech in Latin, Greek or German, and the Rector dismissed us with a Latin speech. The affair closed with a farewell song by both choirs. We were obliged to be dressed in black, wore silk trousers, which came to below the knees, silk hose, shoes with metal buckles, and under our right arm

we carried a folded "chapabas" hat [possibly a sort of skull-cap].* After the formal exercise we were entertained in the home of the Rector with wine and cake. And, since the wine soon went to our heads, we were soon happy and boisterous. The entire affair had a heathenish, rather than a Christian savor. No thought of prayer, praise and thanksgiving. I received from the Rector my "leaving-school certificate" [authorizing matriculation at a university]. It bore the legend in Latin, that I had never (*numquam*) transgressed against good morals, that I was released from my academic training *omnino dignus* [altogether acceptable]. Now I was off with bag and baggage from Dresden, first to the parental home, and then to the University of Leipzig.

Three and a Half Years at the University of Leipzig, 1825 to 1829

Because of the gross rationalism prevalent at the University, my years at the University were at least partially lost years of my life. Together with a friend, the son of Pastor Bobe of near Dresden, we rented a room. I obtained a place at the Hohenthal free-table, and later a better place at the so-called Convict, where about 200 students received free board at noon and in the evening. I was received formally, or matriculated into the University, by the Rector himself after he had received my school-report. From him I received a document, printed in Latin, in which I was declared to be a student of the University, and had to give my hand as pledge that I would fulfill the duties mentioned in the document, namely, to behave properly, study diligently, join no secret societies, participate in no duels, and not to leave the University without testimonial. It was my good fortune that a family, related to us, took me into their home. I spent every Sunday with them. Through the summer this family lived on an estate near Leipzig, and thither I went each Sunday with several other young men. We passed the time with piano music, bowling, and other amusements. While everything was honorable and decent, yet there was no thought of keeping the Sabbath. The proud world thought little of church-going. Yet the contact with this family afforded me the advantage that I was kept from being thrown into the company of evil associates.

In the first years I took Logic and Metaphysics with Professor Krug, World History with Dr. Beck, Church History with Prof. Niedner, Old Testament Exegesis with Dr. Rosemueller, New Testament with Prof. Theile; later, Dogmatics with Superintendent Dr. Tschirner, Dogmatic Examinatorium with Dr. Tittmann and Dr. Hahn, Pedagogics and Pastoral Theology with Dr. Lindner, and Homiletics with Pastor M.

* A "foreign language dictionary" defines this as "*Armhut*" (English: arm hat) but I still don't know what it might be. E. J. B.

Wolf. Even though, as previously indicated, my first years at the University were wasted years, because I permitted myself to be dragged into the mire of Rationalism, reading books like Wegscheider's Dogmatics, which denied the deity of Christ, explained the miracles of Christ naturalistically, and placed Christ on the same level with the worldly wise of heathendom, or used Dieter's Teacher's Bible, a book held in high esteem by the unbelieving theologians, but which was a tome of lying, devilish scriptural interpretation, yet my last year at the University was highly blessed. I found myself at the cross-roads: to the right, truth that leads heavenward; to the left, lies that plunge into the depths of hell. Praise and thanks to God, Who turned my heart to the right. Up until then I had learned nothing from my instructors but callow unbelief, heard trash which I frequently did not understand; I had come to regard blasphemy for truth and wisdom. I had also become careless in my conduct. I no longer prayed; I did not seek edification in church-attendance. I walked in darkness, was spiritually dead, though before men apparently honorable. Matters stood the same with the two or three friends with whom I customarily associated. We seduced each other to careless speech and smutty jokes. We did, however, avoid secret alliances, the fencing room and drinking bouts. Now, in God's mercy, a change was to take place.

Dr. Hahn, a so-called super-naturalistic theologian, was called to Leipzig as professor of theology. He was, indeed, an outspoken "union-man", and he defended the union (i.e. of churches) inaugurated by the King of Prussia, but he had the reputation of being a believing Christian. Before he could enter upon the functions of his office, he had to stand in open debate. His opponent was the philosopher, Krug, but Hahn was a match for him. Thereby Dr. Hahn made a great name for himself; for a long period of time that debate was spoken of in theological circles. Rationalism and Supernaturalism were diametrically opposed to each other. I attended his dogmatic examinatorium. What he presented was entirely new to me. The language of old orthodox theology was to be heard there; indeed, he presented the simple doctrines of the Lutheran Catechism, just as a school-child was to learn them in normal times, which were, however, new to me, for I had never heard them. I loved this man, and had the good fortune of coming into closer contact with him. Every week he had "open house" (*Abendunterhaltung*) in his home, at which a small number of Christian-minded candidates took part. It so happened that I was permitted to take part also, through a recommendation. There I was able to hear and learn many a thing of which my soul had need. My attention was directed to the terrible harm which rationalizing faith had worked in the church.

The head-catechist and pastor of St. Peter's church was the second believing man who, by his edifying sermons worked mightily and beneficently upon my soul. Since I wished to come into closer contact with him, I visited his homiletic lectures; indeed, I even ventured to call on him at his home, and to tell him what going on in my heart. With tears in my eyes I told him what a wonderful impression his sermons made upon me. He gave me several edifying books to read, e.g. "*Altes und Neues*" (Old Things and New) by Schubert; also, I believe, "The Life of Oberlin." He advised me to visit an aged Christian shoemaker by name of Goetsching, who could benefit me greatly, which I also did. I found him to be a simple gentleman, rich in Christian knowledge and experience, and I visited him occasionally. Also of great blessing to me were the lectures of Prof. D. Lindner in Pedagogics and Pastoral Theology during my last year at the University; Prof. Lindner was decried as a "mystic." Finally there was the acquaintance I made with two students, Keyl and Kuehn—a great event in my life, and of great benefit for my entire later life. Now I was breathing an entirely different atmosphere than ever before. I moved in a circle of so-called mystics, who spoke an entirely different language than I had heard heretofore. These two students, Keyl and Kuehn, insisted on a thorough-going repentance and conversion and on a vivid realization of natural corruption. When I told Pastor Wolf of this, and told him that they had frightened me, and raised doubts in my heart as to whether I was truly converted, he became indignant and called it caste-system. However, this thorn, which they had pressed into my heart, remained. Now, I must confess, the sermons of M. Wolf, edifying as they were, still lacked in the revelation of man's natural corruption, in the sharp preaching of the Law, in true division between Law and Gospel, the clear and direct testimony of the sinner's justification by faith, and many other important matters, things which Keyl and Kuehn rightly criticized in his sermons. I myself did not understand it at the time. Later personal experiences and growth in knowledge led me to recognize that they were not entirely in the wrong; yet I had to declare, and still declare, that they erred in this, that they made of the fright and terror of repentance a Christ, and unnecessarily prevented souls from embracing pardon, righteousness and peace in Christ through faith. That, then, was the thorn which their testimony left in my heart, which did not, at the time, cause me much anxiety, but later brought me years of trouble, as I shall hereinafter indicate.

After three and a half years of study I had to go to Dresden for the *Examen pro Candidatura*. Thirty other students were examined with me, in six divisions, so that from four to six students were examined

each day. The *Oberhofprediger* (Chief chaplain to a prince) Ammon and the General Superintendent Saltenreich were our examiners. The examination lasted three hours. Ammon examined us "*De Statu Inter-medio*," the status between death and eternity. That was "all Greek" (*boehmische Dorf*) to me. Yet I came through unscathed, and, indeed, received the mark "good." Saltenreich concerned himself mostly with Old and New Testament Exegesis. In the court-church, then, each one had to preach to the examiner for a quarter hour, behind locked doors. There, too, I was marked "good." After the sermon each one had to catechize a group of scholars. In this I was marked "very good." Since I had, for some time, been a teacher in a free school at Leipzig, I had had considerable practice in catechizing. O, how lighthearted, to have passed the examination, after such sustained fright in anticipation. Now, suddenly, we were candidates for the holy ministry, and had the privilege of seeking a pastorate in the land.

After my examination I returned to Leipzig and continued my work as teacher in the free school. I held ever closer to M. Wolf, to Keyl and Kuehn, to the shoemaker Goetsching, and to several other devout believers. At that time there were openings for six catechists in St. Peter's church at Leipzig, where M. Wolf was pastor and head catechist. I was encouraged to make application for one of these positions and to deliver a trial sermon in St. Peter's church. I did this, and preached on a Sunday afternoon upon a text prescribed by M. Wolf. Undoubtedly through the mediation of M. Wolf, with whom I stood in good favor, I was offered the first of these catechist positions. As such, then, I had the prospect of moving into one of the pastorates lying in the vicinity of Leipzig, whenever an opening should occur. However, before I could enter in upon one of these positions as catechist, I had to become Doctor of Philosophy and Master of Arts, pass a severe examination, and pay fifty dollars for the honor. This was too hard a nut for me to crack. I did not trust myself to be able to stand a test in philosophy or in the mathematical branches, such as geometry and the like. In addition, I felt it my duty to assist my aging father in his widely scattered parish. Since my father declared himself willing to accept me as assistant pastor, I turned down the offer, resigned at the free school, and traveled to Seelitz, my parental home. I left a very satisfactory position, the contact with Christian friends, a good income, and the prospect of good advancement, but I see now that it was good for me. In quiet solitude I was to learn the true theology through study of old and pure theology, and primarily by the study of the Holy Scriptures with *precatio, meditatio, tentatio* (prayer, meditation and perseverance). At the former place this would scarcely have been possible with the diver-

sions and work involved. In many respects Leipzig was, in spite of all, a dangerous place for me.

Four Years as Assistant to My Father, From 1829 to 1833

The entry into my parental home marked the entry into a severe internal and external battle, but at the same time it was a beneficial school.

Before I could enter in upon the duties of my office as assistant pastor to my father, I had to deliver a trial sermon in the chief church in Chemnitz before Superintendent Unger. The theme of my sermon was, "That man, by his natural powers, cannot come to the true knowledge of God." The old superintendent, a Rationalist and a Free Mason, who criticized my sermon after the service in his home, did not want to leave my theme stand, but, after I had insisted that my theme was entirely in accordance with God's Word, he gave me a written good testimony on my sermon, with the official seal, which granted me permission to perform all those functions of office in my father's congregation which an unordained Candidate may perform. I could and must deliver Sunday, weekday, and funeral sermons, carry on catechetical examinations with the youth, visit the five village schools located within the parish of 24 villages, and call for corpses when required. I could not, however, administer the Holy Sacraments, hence could not give holy communion to the sick. Only the ordained were permitted to do this.

I became ever more concerned about the salvation of my soul. Day and night I read edifying writings, especially writings of Henry Mueller, Rambach, Arndt, Bogatzky, A. H. Franke, Steinmetz, Spener, Fresenius; Scriver's *Seelenschatz* [Soul-Treasurer]; also Luther's *Hauspostille*, the only writing of Luther's that came into my hand, and others. But at that time I did not read so much in the Holy Scriptures. Since I had already heard much in Leipzig about true repentance, and conversion, and since, for example, Kuehn had sought to impress upon me that a person, to be truly converted, had to experience a deep, searching repentance, contrition, sorrow and terror over sin, the wrath of God and hell, and since I had also read much about this in the above mentioned writings I had an ever greater longing that I might truly experience this thorough repentance and conversion. Oftentimes I spent hours upon my knees, and prayed God that He might give me such repentance. I would resolve on a given morning: to-day it must come to that; I would go out into the woods, in order that, in the quiet solitude this repentance might be worked in me, but it did not develop as I wished. Despite the fact that I contemplated over my sins, conducted searching self-

examinations, even prepared a list of my sins, I still remained without sorrow, without terror, and, so it seemed, cold and hard as stone. I felt no sorrow, contrition or terror over sin, but only fear and worry since I deemed myself without repentance. I lived in this fear and worry from day to day, from month to month. I did not dare embrace the Gospel, without first having this desired degree of repentance. A picture of the Savior, in the church, or in a book, I would behold only with tears because I thought I could not come to Him, because my repentance was not right. If I read some evangelical consolation, or found some comforting verse in the Scriptures, I did not dare take it to myself, because this repentance was lacking. So I was tortured night and day, so that my figure became lean and miserable through my sorrowing.

Then, to my great joy, Keyl became pastor at Niederfrohna, about three hours away, a few months after I had become assistant to my father. Practically every four weeks I visited him; his public appearance and his fine gifts attracted considerable attention, and a number of souls were awakened by his sermons. Although I found rich instruction, counsel and comfort with him, and he gave me many fine books to read, so that I returned home much encouraged, yet the same old fears and doubts about the correctness of my conversion ever returned.

At about this time a pastor was called to a parish about an hour's distance from my village, who was said to be a believer. I visited him and found joy in his sermons and in the things he confessed. We became friends. At one time I also travelled with him to Glaucha, to Superintendent Rudelback, who greeted him warmly as a Christian brother in the faith. But this man was ultimately exposed as a vile hypocrite. I had at one time previously become distrustful because of his impudent behavior toward a young lady, but I severed all connections with him from the moment that I learned that he had attended a masked ball in a neighboring village and had become the object of mockery among the children of the world. It was reported that at this ball two masked women took him by the hand and led him to a spot under the chandelier in the hall. Those present made a ring around him; then these two masked women fell upon their knees in front of him, clapped their hands together and looked up at him in seeming amazement, as though to say: Fancy you, a mystic, being here! Then all fell back, leaving him stand in the middle of the floor, alone, undoubtedly amid great laughter of the entire assembly. I never saw that despicable person again, and have no idea what his end may have been. Since the world could form the opinion from this occurrence that all so-called mystics must be such hypocrites, it hurt me that I had for a time associated with this man.

Since also this hope of finding peace of soul by my associations with this man had come to naught, my fear and concern about true repentance continued. An enlightened Christian will readily recognize in what respect I had erred. I sought the grace of God, rest, peace and the certainty of my salvation in this repentance, that is, in a high degree of fear, terror and a crushed spirit because of my sins, and not in Christ; I was making of this repentance a Christ, a Redeemer, and was not taking refuge in the true Christ, aside from Whom there is no name by which a man may be saved. There was the erring thought that grace, forgiveness, salvation could and must come through terror, fear and great contrition, must be earned and attained before one could accept and appropriate the redemption established by Christ. How could rest and peace be established in my soul in this manner? Indeed, now and then a bright light, a ray of comfort would enter my troubled heart when in reading God's Word I would come upon some Gospel passage and meditate upon it, or find some evangelical encouragement in a sermon book, by which means I was preserved from complete despair; but always the doubt and unrest would return. Now, it is indeed certain and true, God demands in His Word that all men should repent. John the Baptist was commissioned to cry out: Repent ye! Christ and the Apostles sent forth the same cry. The people went out to John the Baptist in the wilderness and confessed their sins. May each one bemoan his sins. Jer. 3, 13: "Only acknowledge thine iniquity, that thou hast transgressed against the Lord thy God." And "I dwell . . . with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit," Is. 57, 15. The prophet Joel admonishes: (2, 12) "Therefore also now, saith the Lord, turn ye even unto Me with all your heart, and with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning; and rend your heart, and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God." We find this call throughout the Holy Scriptures. Hence there must always be the preaching of the Law in the Church of God, so that secure sinners may be brought to a knowledge of their sins, and stirred out of their carnal security. We must guard well against an anti-nomistic tendency in our preaching and practice. Without recognition of sin there is no longing for the Gospel of the grace of God in Christ. A heart that has not been humbled because of sin does not know a right longing for grace and forgiveness, does not rightly know what to do with Christ without terror inspired by God's wrath. On that very account the Law must ever be used as schoolmaster to Christ, for the sinner will not take refuge in Christ unless driven by the rod of the Law, and without Christ there can be no salvation. So repentance is necessary, not that a man can be saved through the fear, the terror, the contrition, but because, without repentance, one will not concern him-

self about Christ, in Whom alone redemption and salvation are to be found. For that very reason the wrath of God must be preached and hell be made as hot as it really is, for no one would run to Christ, take refuge in Him, without fear of God's wrath and the pain of hell—to Him who by His merit, suffering and death redeemed us from God's wrath and the torment of hell. Why is it that many preachers do not want to come to this true and incisive preaching of the Law, and rather fall into anti-nomian tendencies, become dumb dogs, who cannot rebuke? They fear the cross, the hatred, the disfavor of the people, days of unrest, loss for their belly, for the world will not tolerate having its sins reproved. The world will put up with the sweet, mild, comforting preaching of the sweetly-sounding gospel, but it will not be rebuked; it does not wish to be or become a poor sinner; it will not bring forth the righteous fruits of repentance. Many preachers fear this, and remain silent when they should speak. In these present days of Noah, in which all the world goes on in carnal security, drunk with the most abominable service of mammon, where are those who heed the command of God: (Is. 58, 1) "Cry aloud, spare not; lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and shew my people their transgression." While here and there a few true witnesses are to be found, who will not be silenced, yet they certainly are the object of the enmity and hatred of the world. It is indeed true, the gospel cannot be preached too much, but this anti-nomian spirit is certainly not good, since it stands as a hindrance over against the gospel, and becomes the cause that many do not seek the gospel with earnestness. Just read Luther's writing "Against the Anti-Nomians." I would cite just a few passages from this writing of Luther's:

"The entire scripture teaches repentance must have its beginning in the Law.

"Sin and death must necessarily be shown through the Law, not through the Word of grace and comfort, which is the gospel.

"Also experience shows this, for Adam is first reproved as transgressor of the Law, and then is comforted and raised through the promised woman's Seed.

"So also David is slain by the Law, when Nathan says to him, Thou art the man! Then he is sustained and comforted by the Gospel, when Nathan says, Thou shalt not die; the Lord hath put away thy sin.

"Paul is first of all crushed to earth, when he hears the voice cry out to him: Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me? Thereupon he is quickened by the gospel, when the Lord says to him, Arise etc.

"And Christ Himself says in the gospel of Mark, Repent and believe the gospel, for the kingdom of God is come nigh.

"And again, Luke 24, 'It behooved Christ to suffer . . . and that repentance and remission of sins be preached in His name.'

"So Paul, in his epistle to the Romans, holds to this proper method of teaching, that he first teaches that all men are sinners, thereafter that we are made righteous through Christ alone.

"Yea, just on that account it is the more necessary that we teach the Law diligently, that it be recognized not only as unnecessary, but also as useless for righteousness, so that man, who depends on his own powers and virtues may learn therefrom that he cannot be made righteous through the Law. For sin and death are to be proclaimed unto all men, not that they are necessary to life and innocence, but that they may know their unrighteousness and damnation, and so be humbled. If sin remains unrecognized, then men become presumptuous in a falsely conceived innocence.

"The godless are absolutely under the Law, and, if it were possible, should be frightened by bodily thunderbolts, through the Law.

"The Law must be preached to believers and to godless; to the godless, that they may be frightened, to the believers that they do not become secure.

"Without the teaching of Law Christ cannot be retained."

"The Antinomians do not serve Christ, but their own belly, and, as insensible people, seek to be pleasing to men."

How can one give account, if in these terrible times, in these days of great apostacy, one fails to preach repentance? The people are evil, fallen into the snare of idolatrous mammon-service; the Judge is at the door, and the Day of Judgment may come at any moment, and yet the shepherds are silent, and do not cry aloud, Repent!

Even though it is true that God demands repentance of all men, I found myself in the great error that I did not seek to build my salvation in the merits of Christ, but upon a high degree of sorrow and remorse over my sins; that I did not give glory to Christ, Who accomplished all in the work of my redemption; that I sought to accomplish my salvation through my own power and works, and did not despair of all personal ability.

Upon the occasion of a journey in the Saxon Swiss mountains, I visited Pastor Stephan in Dresden. I had heard very much about him from Pastor Keyl. To him I declared my distress. He gave me this advice: to read the Scriptures consecutively and attentively. This advice, then, I followed very conscientiously, with great benefit to my soul. I took each verse under careful scrutiny. Thus, perforce, I grew more and more in knowledge of the divine truth. Now I not only learned to know my sin and my natural corruption more and more, but also the

mercy of God in Christ. If, in the reading of the Holy Scriptures, I came upon a passage with a gospel promise, I took hold of it, and held it fast, especially if it was such a one from which I could not retreat and come to doubt that it belonged to me. I remember, for example, that such was the case when I read the passage, God helps both, man and beast. Here I could not say, that does not belong to me. I was forced to acknowledge: I, too, am man; so God must help even me. So also, when Christ says: Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out. There I was compelled to reason, Be it with me as it may, whether converted or unconverted, I dare to come to Him, and I shall not be cast out. The further I delved into the New Testament, the more I attained to understanding, and the glimmering light of my faith grew more and more into bright flame. I also learned to partake of the benefits of the Holy Supper with greater joy. This was all grace and unmerited operation in a poor sinner-soul, which brought the poor, lost and erring sheep out of the hedges of the wilderness on the shoulder of his Shepherd. In short, in due time I became more certain of the forgiveness of my sins and of my salvation by faith in my dear Lord Jesus Christ, so that I could joyfully sing: (Is. 61, 10) "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord; my soul shall be joyful in my God; for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness." The passion sermons which I had to preach, for which I made use of Dessel-Rambach's Passion Sermons, also contributed to my growth in the knowledge of the grace of Christ. The study of the passion of Christ, through the guidance of Luther, whom I also read on this subject, brought me to recognize the inexorable wrath of God over sin, so that we cannot become free except that the Son of God paid the penalty for us. The Passion of Christ became a strong sermon of repentance to me. Looking at the picture of the suffering Savior in this book by Rambach, or in the church, led me to recognize the fierce wrath of God on account of sin, but also to see that we were bought with a price, and how the penalty for our sin must be fully paid by this suffering of the great majesty of Christ.

My weak testimony from the pulpit did not remain without fruit. By it a number of souls were awakened and gathered in a little group which I visited often, and sought, as much as I was capable, to instruct them. But the cross did not fail me; it came immediately upon my entry into my parental home, and remained until I left it four years later; indeed, it accompanied me throughout my entire life. In addition to the distress of soul because of my sin, there came the strife which I had to endure over against my parents, sisters and brothers. My father had permitted himself to be carried away in the whirlpool of rationalism,

though he was honorable and moral in his conduct, and was held in honor and highly esteemed by his superiors and by his congregation. My sisters, though outwardly virtuous, were children of the world, and without Christian knowledge. I as a novice in Christianity would now gladly and speedily have converted my household to become true Christians, but was soon to experience the truth of Christ's words: A man's foes shall be they of his own household. I found the most vehement opposition in my father. So, during the four years that I spent in the parental home, there developed frequent, vehement, and deplorable scenes. Since I was still lacking in experience and wisdom to conduct myself in the right manner in this conflict, I may have erred now and then. Humanly speaking, my testimony over against my family bore little fruit. Nevertheless I know that my youngest sister died a few years ago in sound knowledge and confession.

After a stay of four years in the parental home as assistant pastor I was induced to deliver a guest sermon before the Duke of Schoenburg, a very pious and Christian gentleman, in Glaucha. In Lunzenau, a village not far from Seelitz, the deacon Kuehn had died, after he had been in office but a year—the same Kuehn whom I had learned to know in Leipzig, and who had caused me so much concern regarding repentance. The Duke of Schoenburg was to call another in his place. So I came to deliver a guest sermon in Glaucha, where the Duke lived. Having done this, after a few weeks I was designated for the vacancy at Lunzenau. However, before I could be called by the Duke, I had to take an examination "*pro munere*" in Leipzig, and deliver a trial sermon before the congregation at Lunzenau.

It did not take long before I was summoned by the Consistorium in Leipzig to appear there on a certain day to take an examination. After I had been called on to work out a sermon behind locked doors I, together with two other candidates, was examined by Superintendent Dr. Grossmann and Professor Dr. Winzer. In this examination I received the grade "good" and was highly pleased at this, the more so because I had previously feared that they would deal severely and hard with me as a "mystic," and, if possible, cause me to fail. After the passing of the examination followed the trial sermon before the congregation in Lunzenau. After this trial sermon, and after the representatives of the village had declared before the Superintendent and the Magistrate as the church board, having made extended inquiry, that there were no objections to the designate, the written call from the Duke of Schoenburg was handed to me through the office of the magistrate, in which I was declared henceforth to be deacon and pastor in the village of Lunzenau. The village of Lunzenau, which had until then been a branch congregation

of Rochsburg, was to be separated therefrom, and become a separate parish, consisting of Lunzenau and two neighboring villages. After a few days I was summoned by the Consistorium of Leipzig, to be ordained in Leipzig and to render the religious and official oath. My ordination took place in St. Thomas Church in the presence of all the clerics of the city. One other was ordained with me. Prior to ordination we had participated of the Lord's Supper.

How fine it was in the Kingdom of Saxony at that time, inasmuch as ministers were pledged and ordained upon the pure confessions of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, may be seen from the written call and from the document of ordination which were handed to me at my calling and ordination. I will present both here in my biography, copied verbatim. They read:

After the noble Right Honorable Counts and Lords Franz Gottlieb Albert Christian Ernst and Gottlieb Carl Ludwig Christian Ernst, mutually Counts of Schoenburg, Counts and Lords of Glauchau and Waldenburg, as also of the lower county, and Lord of Hartenstein, the manors of Lichtenstein and Stein, as present possessors of the liege domain Rochsburg according to the appertaining patronage, have graciously determined to give you the diaconate of Rochsburg and Lunzenau, vacant through the death of the late Deacon H. Johann Gottlieb Kuehn, and have graciously appointed you, you having received a favorable certificate following the examination passed at the Right Honorable Royal Saxon Consistorium at Leipzig the 30th of November of this year, and having satisfactorily delivered the usual trial sermon and catechisation, and since in addition thereto no objection has been raised to your person, doctrine or previous conduct of life by anyone concerned in answer to the usual inquiries,

In the name of the Triune God, and by virtue of the specially received gracious permission of the above-named noble Church Patrons, I, Frederick Theodor Martini, duly appointed Magistrate of Rochsburg, invest you with the previously mentioned Diaconate of Rochsburg and Lunzenau in such manner that you regard this election to said office as a divine call, and accept it, observe faithfully and diligently all that which the solemnly confirmed decree of the Right Honorable Consistorium of Leipzig under date of June 26, 1678, contains in detail, teach and preach, pure and unadulterated, cheerfully and edifyingly, the *Word of God*, the Law and Gospel as grounded in the writings of the Prophets and Apostles of the Old and New Testaments, also repeated in the Unaltered Augsburg Confession and the Apology thereto, likewise in the

Large and Small Catechism of Dr. Martin Luther, and the Formula of Concord, also the Smalcald Articles, administer the Holy Sacraments faithfully according to the institution of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, diligently visit and comfort the sick, also accompany the deceased to their last resting place, none the less assist instructing the children diligently and with greatest possible care and conscientiousness during the local school hours, herein neglecting nothing; in addition hereto to deport yourself in an irreproachable Christian manner, in general so, as is proper and incumbent upon a faithful and righteous teacher and preacher and as you believe yourself able to justify this before God and the government ruling over you, and before your own conscience. In return for which you shall receive and enjoy the salary and casual emoluments usually accruing to the Diaconate of Rochsburg and Lunzenau, as well as, in case that the expressed determination of Aug. 22 and Sept. 2, 1832, published the 26th of the same month, for the establishment of a self-sustaining pastorate at Lunzenau and the proposed improvement of income from the diaconate, is approved, notwithstanding the appeal of the parishes of Rochsburg, Arnsdorf and Niederaltdorf, delivered against these on the 3rd and 27th of November of the same year,

In Witness Whereof

I have with my own hand signed this vocation, and caused the great official seal, graciously entrusted to this office, to be affixed hereto.

Vocation [Call] for
Ernst Moritz Buerger,
Candidate of Theology,
from Seelitz, as Deacon
in Rochsburg and Lunzenau

Magistracy of Rochsburg,
the 10th of February,
One thousand eight hundred
thirty three.
Friederich Theodor Martini,
Magistrate.

To us here in America, where Church and State are separate, and the congregation possesses all its divinely ordained rights, it must seem remarkable, how this call proves that the State, the temporal government in Germany, had the power and authority to choose and call ministers for the congregations, and that the congregations merely had the right to raise objections against the election and call if they could prove something reprehensible against the person, doctrine or conduct; yet it was something glorious that the State demanded of the minister in the call, in regard to doctrine, that he preach in accordance with the Holy Scriptures and the symbolical books of the Lutheran Church.

The Diploma handed to me at my Ordination reads as follows:

*Nos ad Consistorium Ecclesiasticum quod Lipsiae est, Deputati
Universis et Singulis quibus hae Litterae legendae
offeruntur in Christo Salutem Precamur*

Non alia vox in coelo et in terra unquam ardentior audita est, quam precatio Filii Dei in agone, in qua petit colligi et servari Ecclesiam, et sic regi, ut unum sit in Deo. Idem, inde usque ab initio generis humani, omnibus temporibus, donec Universa Ecclesia ex morte suscitabitur, petit. Propter hanc Filii precationem cum colligat Deus Ecclesiam, inter nos quoque gratias agimus et aeterno Patri et Filio ejus, Domino nostro Jesu Christo et Spiritui Sancto, et gemitus nostros ad summi Sacerdotis nostri, Domini Jesu Christi precationem adjungimus, et petimus, ut semper, inter nos quoque, colligatur Ecclesia. Quod cum fiat voce Evangelii, et non aliter sicut scriptum est: Evangelium est potentia Dei ad salutem omni credenti, vult Deus eligi idoneos ad docendum Evangelium. Testamur igitur, hunc Reverendum Virum, Ernestum Mauritium Buerger vocatum esse Evangelium in Lunzenau.

Cum autem a nobis petatum sit, ut, explorata ejus eruditione, adderemus publicum ritum ordinationis, diligenter eum audivimus et comperimus, eum recte tenere summam doctrinae Christianae, et pie et constanter amplecti puritatem Evangelii quam et Ecclesia nostra, una voce et uno Spiritu cum Catholica Ecclesia Christi profititur, et a perversis sectariorum opinionibus, quas ex verbo Dei damnant Ecclesiae nostrae libri Symbolici serio abhorrere. Promisit etiam hic Ernestus Mauritius Buerger in doctrina constantiam, et in officio fidem et diligentiam.

Quare ei, juxta doctrinam Apostolicam, publico et pio ritu, commendatum est ministerium docendi Evangelium, et admiinstrandi Sacramenta, juxta vocationem. Cum autem Filius Dei, qui "logos" aeterni Patris, vere sit efficax voce Ministerii, et faciat, ut Ministerium sit salutare, sicut scriptum: Sedet ad dextram Patris, dona dans hominibus, Prophetas, Apostolos, Evangelistas, Pastores et Doctores; et sicut Dominus inquit: Ego sum vitis, vos palmites, sine me nihil potestis facere, oramas eum, ut et adsit hujus jam ordinati Ministerio, et faciat, ut sit salutare. Ipsum etiam Ernestum Mauritium Buerger et Ecclesiam ipsius hortamur, ut doctrinae puritatem retineat. Ubi enim incorrupta Evangelii vox sonat, ibi vere est Ecclesia Dei, vere ibi dat Deus aeternam justitiam et vitam, vere exaudit et gubernat invocantes ipsum, mitigat etiam aerumnas hujus vitae et in ira recordatur misericordiae suae. Quare inquit si manseritis in me et verba mea in vobis manserint, quicquid volueritis, petetis [et fiet vobis,] et scriptum est: [Greek] Ho

Theos agape esti, kai ho menon en te agape en to Theo menei, kai ho Theos en auto.

Dedimus Lipsiae Anno Christi MDCCCXXXIII, Die II, Mens Martii.

In fidem hujus, Consistorii Regii Sigillum apponi curavimus, et nos Deputati nomina nostra sua quisque manu subscripsimus.

I Tim IV

Attende lectioni, adhortationi et doctrinae. Ne negligar donum, quod datum est tibi per prophetiam cum impositione manuum coetus Seniorum.

(Sig.) D. Joan Conrad Sickel

(Sig.) D. Henricus Dorrier

(SIGILLUM)

(Sig.) D. Christianus Gottl. Leber. Grossmann

(Sig.) D. Julius Fridericus Winzer

Translation of Diploma:

We, deputies of the ecclesiastical consistory at Leipzig, wish salvation in Christ for all and sundry to whom this written document may be presented.

No other voice more glowing has ever been heard in heaven and on earth than the prayer of the Son of God in his agony in which He pleads that the Church might be gathered and kept and so directed that it might be one in God. Thus has He pleaded from the very beginning of humanity, is He pleading in all ages, and will He plead until the Church Universal will be raised up from death. Since, on account of this prayer of the Son, God gathers the Church also among us, we give thanks to the eternal Father and to His Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, and to the Holy Spirit; and we join our petitions to the prayer of our High Priest, the Lord Jesus Christ; and we plead that also among us may the Church be ever gathered together. Since this thing is to be done by the voice of the Gospel—and in no other way—as it is written: "The Gospel . . . is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth," God wishes suitable men to be selected for teaching the Gospel. We, therefore, testify that this Reverend Mr. Ernst Moritz Buerger has been called as the preacher of the Gospel in Lunzenau.

Since, however, it was requested of us that, although the candidate's learning had been ascertained upon examination, we should add the public rite of ordination, we have diligently heard him and learned assuredly that he correctly comprehends the entire body of Christian doctrine, that he piously and steadfastly embraces the Gospel, which also our church confesses with one voice and one Spirit together with the Church in all the world, and that he earnestly shrinks back from

the perverse opinions of false teachers which the Symbolical Books of our church condemns on the basis of God's Word. The above mentioned Ernst Moritz Buerger has also promised steadfastness in doctrine and diligence in office.

Therefore, in accordance with apostolic teaching, there has been entrusted to him, in a public and Christian ceremony, the ministry of teaching the Gospel and administering the Sacraments according to his call. Since, however, the Son of God, as "WORD" of the eternal Father, is the one who in reality is the effectual agent in the voice of a minister, and also brings it about that his ministry is salutary, as it is written: He sits at the right hand of the Father giving "Gifts unto men . . . prophets, apostles, evangelists, pastors and teachers," and as the Lord Himself says: "I am the Vine, ye are the branches . . . without Me ye can do nothing," we pray that He may both be present in the ministry of His now ordained servant and bring it about that his ministry be salutary. This same Ernst Moritz Buerger, and his church, we also exhort that he hold fast to purity of doctrine. For where the uncorrupted voice of the Gospel sounds forth, there is in truth the Church of God, there God in truth gives eternal justification and everlasting life, in very truth He pays strict attention to and guides those who call upon Him, He softens also the bitter moments of his life, and in wrath He remembers His mercies. Therefore He says: "If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you ye shall ask whatsoever ye will and it shall be done unto you" and it is also written: "God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."

This document has come from our hands at Leipzig in the year of our Lord 1833 on the second day of the month of March.

In proof of this, we have seen to it that the seal of the consistory of the realm has been affixed thereto, and we ourselves, as deputies, have subscribed our names, each with his own hand.

1 Tim. 4: "Give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine. Neglect not the gift which was given thee by prophecy, with the laying on of the hands of the presbytery."

(Signature) Doctor Johann Conrad Sickel

(Signature) Doctor Heinrich Dorrier

(SEAL)

(Signature) Doctor Christian Gottl. Leber. Grossmann

(Signature) Doctor Julius Friederich Winzer

In both these documents or diplomas I was specifically pledged: in my teaching to hold myself strictly and faithfully to the Word of God in the Holy Scriptures and the confessions of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, and to proclaim and preach the Word of God pure and unadulterated, indefatigably and edifyingly, administer the Sacraments

according to Christ's institution, diligently visit the sick, deport myself blamelessly, as I might be able to give account before God, my superiors and my own conscience. In the diploma or ordination is stated: Since the church is not gathered and built otherwise than through the voice of the Gospel, and since God desires that men be called and ordained who are qualified to teach the Gospel, therefore we have diligently and carefully heard and examined the designated Ernst Moritz Buerger, and learned that he knows the whole of Christian doctrine correctly, and holds steadfastly to the purity of the Gospel, which also our Church holds in one spirit with the orthodox (catholic) church of Christ, and would hold itself apart from all false and sectarian opinions which the symbolical books and our Church condemn. Said Ernst Moritz Buerger has also promised to be and remain steadfast to this doctrine, and faithful in the administration of his office. Hence he has been commissioned in a public and solemn function, according to apostolic teaching, to preach the Gospel according to the teaching of the apostles, and to administer the Sacraments, according to this call.

The diploma of vocation I did indeed receive from the pious and believing Count of Schoenburg, but, as was necessary since the church was under civil authority, it was handed to me by an unbelieving magistrate. I received the ordination diploma from the unbelieving and radically rationalistic Consistorium in Leipzig. Both documents demanded of me that I hold fast the pure doctrine contained in the symbolical books of the Lutheran Church.

What hypocrisy, and what a lying spirit! They obligate me to a doctrine which they reject. They place such good documents into my hands, dating from good days, and obligate me to doctrines therein confessed; and it was not long before I was accused because I held to this doctrine and preached it. They demanded of me that I do not bind myself to the letter of the Scripture and the symbolical books, but expound them according to the spirit. I should not teach that even original sin condemns, if a person be not born again, furthermore not to teach that the body and blood of Christ are truly present in the Holy Supper and received, nor that the minister has the power to forgive sins. I should not teach that we are redeemed by the blood, suffering and death of Christ, but rather that Christ has redeemed us by His doctrine. They threatened me with stern measures, if I abode by my "letter-teaching." Thus the head of the State church, the minister of the Cult of Falkenstein, threatened me in a letter to me.

In the above document of ordination these gentlemen declare that they had carefully examined me, and found that I knew the whole Christian doctrine well, etc. In that they lied most impertinently. They

did indeed examine me for two hours, but of the pure teaching of the Lutheran Church there was not a word in the entire examination. Even the worst mocker could have slipped through that examination, and received a pastorate.

Yet the Lord Jesus saw to it that these two documents of the State-church of Saxony were preserved, and I rejoice that they were legally in force until that time when I was called and ordained into the ministry.

Whereas I record these documents here in my memoirs, I should have crawled down into the earth in shame as I found, and had to recognize, after only superficial examination, how little I met the obligations that were committed to me by my call. Truly, if God were to judge me severely for the administration of my office, I could not answer Him one of a thousand. Were I not in possession of Christ's blood and atonement, also for the greatest sins, I would despair. I am indeed conscious of this, that throughout my life I guarded against every error of doctrine, did not knowingly or intentionally hold to any error, but fled from it, if I recognized it as error; I also sought to prepare faithfully for my sermons, to confess and defend God's Word against enemies, to give no offense in my conduct; but oh, how often I denied, in fear of men, how much good I neglected in my office, that I should have done; how often I lacked in humility and patience; how often I was slothful and indolent in thanksgiving, prayer, in the battle against sin, in diligent study, etc. How great and grievous is the sin, when a single soul, entrusted to us by Christ, and redeemed with His precious blood, has been neglected by us. I know not whether it is true or not that Luther wrote or said: "Hell is paved with the skulls of priests." I recall having read somewhere in Heinrich Moeller's writings: "A minister must experience a terrible hour of death, when he recalls having neglected even one single soul." How wonderful that the Lord Jesus atoned also for these great sins, and that also these blood-red sins become white through the blood of Christ. But in view of our sins in office we should let our proud peacock feathers and tails fall, and have no pleasure in an external, proud show, and in honor and favor among men. Even with relative faithfulness and good conduct in office, let us sing penitently: "If there's any good in this life of mine, Then 'tis truly wholly Thine." My damnation's all of me, My salvation's all of Thee. "*Perdite vi ni*," cried the saintly and pious Bernhard at the end of his life. If the righteous can scarcely be saved, how shall it be with those, the proud, the false, heretical, gluttonous prelates, preachers, shepherds, deceivers, misleaders of souls! O shepherds, watch over the souls that are redeemed with the precious blood of Christ, and see to it that you, too, cleanse yourselves daily with that blood. The day of vengeance and of wrath is nigh.

On Sunday Laetare 1833 I preached my farewell sermon in Seelitz and on the following Sunday my inaugural sermon in Lunzenau, after I had been installed by the superintendent, who delivered an address before the altar.

**Five and a Half Years as Deacon in Rochsburg and Lunzenau, and
Later in the Independent and Self-Supporting Parish of
Lunzenau, Separated from Rochsburg.**

After God had, of His great mercy, permitted me, during the four years that I was assistant pastor at Seelitz, to find the precious pearl: of the certainty of the forgiveness of my sins and of my eternal salvation, the righteousness and the peace of faith in my Lord Jesus Christ in the Holy Gospel, without any merit or worthiness in me—for of what avail in such high spiritual things our own free will and strength, and how was I better than every other poor sinner?—I entered in upon my new office with the determination to praise this pearl to my congregation, and to make “Repent ye, and believe the Gospel” the contents of my sermons.

After Easter I journeyed to Leipzig, to be married there, since I could not remain alone. I had become engaged there to the foster-daughter of Pastor Ph. Gaensel, prison chaplain in Leipzig, after having obtained the consent of her parents and foster-parents. She had been engaged to my predecessor in Lunzenau, Deacon Kuehn, of whom I have spoken before. She had been converted through him, and had come to be a lover of the Word of God. Our marriage was a peaceful and happy one, blessed with four children, but lasted only eight years. Of this, more later.

At the outset the congregation was satisfied with my sermons, and the services were well attended. Also the little group of awakened souls from the parish of my father came the two-hour distance every Sunday to my church, also when, after my father's death, shortly after my departure from Seelitz, another preacher came, who did not give them the spiritual food that they desired. They continued to visit my church until the time that they emigrated with me to America. As my congregation in Lunzenau noticed by and by what the objective of my sermons was, church attendance dropped, and enmity and contradiction developed more and more. For this congregation had, for 50 years, had a shameless, insolent, unbelieving teacher, an obstinate rationalist, so that the people grew up without wholesome knowledge. Its preachers had been of the same stripe, and only my predecessor had in the one year in which he was able to work before his death, broken a smooth path,

so that there were at least a few people in Lunzenau that desired sound doctrine when I arrived there.

It was about four months after my entering upon the office there that a violent storm broke against me. On a certain Sunday I was called to a sick woman, who desired holy communion. After a short address which I directed to her upon my arrival, I discovered in the conversation which I carried on with her that she was not at all dangerously ill, but also that she was a sinner, as other people are, and abode therein, after I had expounded the Law to her. She maintained that in her entire life she had committed no single sin; she declared herself to be perfectly righteous. Upon the question, why she desired to partake of holy communion, if she be no sinner, she answered that she hoped thereby to be freed of her illness. She had the so-called "*Grippe*" and was not dangerously ill. Naturally I had to tell her that holy communion would not help her in that way, but she must for that avail herself of the services of a physician. Holy Communion is only for such as recognize their sins, and are sorry for them, and desire grace and forgiveness. Since she did not have that understanding or desire, I must withhold Holy Communion from her. I then admonished her to meditate upon this which I had told her, and ask God for enlightenment, etc. As soon as she were to call me, by day or night, desiring Holy Communion in proper understanding, I would come and give it to her. In the conviction of how unworthy this woman was to receive holy communion I was strengthened when I learned that this woman had led an evil life, and thus had boldly denied her misdeeds, and insolently lied to me. In a few hours it was known in the entire village that I had denied Holy Communion to a sick woman. Especially in the eyes of my enemies that was something unheard of. No preacher thus far had dared to do this. This Holy Sacrament had until now been misused in shameful fashion, that which is holy cast unto dogs, and the pearl before the swine. Without announcement or examination people had been admitted, and even impenitent drunkards were not rejected. There was, indeed, a church-law in Saxony, that no pastor dare withhold holy communion from a sick person. In several numbers of the preachers' weekly paper the matter was presented in a distorted fashion, slandered, and the demand expressed that the doings of the mystics, hypocrites and obscurants be restrained and no longer permitted. These sheets came into the hands of the chief superintendent, who sent them to the Consistorium in Leipzig. Thereupon the Consistorium charged my superintendent to investigate the matter. He demanded an accounting of me, which I gave him in writing; this was sent in to the Consistorium. Thereupon I was called on to defend myself personally before the Consistorium in

Leipzig. The president of the Consistorium, which was made up entirely of unbelievers and rationalists, summoned me to take up the matter with the present Assessor Doctor of Theology, Wiegner, whereupon the Doctor said, I had failed in the matter in threefold manner: 1) I had transgressed a law of the land, according to which no pastor dare withhold Holy Communion from a sick or dying person. 2) I had not permitted love to rule with regard to the woman. 3) I could not presume that the woman must be a sinner, for the apostle says, that which is born of God doth not commit sin. To this I answered, 1) If there is such a law of the land, then I did, indeed, transgress it; 2) I am conscious of the fact that I did deal with the woman in love, as also witnesses could testify that I have dealt lovingly with the sick and dying. 3) If the honorable Doctor says, however, that I could not presume that the woman was a sinner, and seeks to support that with the passage: that which is born of God doth not commit sin, then I must respond thereto that he who is born of God will certainly acknowledge and not deny that he is a sinner. I am ashamed that I did not give better testimony. I might also have said: bad enough that there is such a law in the land. Then a pastor would have to commune a sick drunkard who would deny his sin, or a convicted thief, who would not confess his sin—in a word, he would often or at times have to cast that which is holy to the dogs and the pearl before the swine, which Christ forbids. The manner in which the honorable doctor expounded the passage, he that is born of God doth not commit sin, that therefore there are also those who have no sins, is in contradiction to the entire Scripture. May God guard us against such exegesis. This I should have said in addition.

The doctor was silent, and there was a long pause. I, too, was silent. I thought the matter was now settled, bowed and left the hall. They let me go. Whether after my departure they mocked at my boldness and early departure, I do not know. Most likely that did happen. A Saxon Consistorium, though made up entirely of heretics and soul-murderers, still demanded respectfulness and unconditional submissiveness. Yet I was glad that I came away with a whole skin, and that nothing further came of it.

In the second year of my office a great domestic cross came upon us. My wife gave birth to her first son September 7, 1835. Then there was great joy. But soon there followed great sorrow. Through lack of judgment the midwife did not permit my wife to obtain the necessary sleep after the birth, but entertained her through the entire night with her chatter. When the milk came, the child could no suckle the milk from the breasts so that they swelled up large and tight. The midwife did not understand how to remove the superfluous milk. Unfamiliar with

the dangers which can come upon a mother after birth, I did not know that milkfever is wont to set in with a mother the third day after the birth, and I undertook the act of baptism on that day; we had not only the sponsors, Pastor Keyl, my mother and Candidate Froehlich, but also the doctor and several other people with us that day, whereby my wife became excited and did not get her proper sleep. The breasts became firmer, and the milkfever set in. While we were at the table in the next room, we suddenly heard a sharp outcry from my wife. The doctor knew at once what that cry meant and rushed with me to her bed-side. She wanted to get out of bed and was delirious. The milk had risen to her head. Undoubtedly she would have raved herself to death, had the doctor not been there, who immediately ordered cold compresses, with cold water upon her head. A wagon was also dispatched immediately to the nearby town of Panitzsch to fetch the circuit physician from there, because the local doctor did not want to handle the severe case alone. In two hours the physician was with us and ordered in addition cantharides poultice on her feet, and I had to remain at her side the entire night, and change the cold compresses. To our great joy these remedies accomplished their purpose, and the milk was also taken from her breasts. Consciousness returned soon. Although the greatest danger was removed, nevertheless knots formed in the breasts, which, under great pain, went over into suppuration. Self-evidently my wife could not nurse the child, and I was obliged to engage a wet-nurse, whom the doctor sent—a healthy and strong person, who for nine months nursed and cared for the child with great love. The child received the name Paul Theodore in the sacrament of Baptism, which I myself administered.

A year or so later my wife gave birth to a daughter. Because of the great expense, I could not engage a wet-nurse, and, since my wife could not nurse the child, I sought to nourish her with cow's milk. But she became infected with ulcers and died. In baptism she received the name Fides Constantia.

She gave birth to still another son in Germany, in the 5th year of my ministry, to whom we gave the name Martin in baptism, and at whose baptism Pastors Walther and Braunsdorf were sponsors, whom we took along to America as our second child, who lived only to his 17th year and died of typhoid fever.

In the third year of my pastorate in Lunzenau the enmity there became even greater. A large part of the citizenry no longer wanted to go to my church, but went to a church which lay near Lunzenau, where an adulterer and whoremonger was pastor, who drank beer with the farmers in a beer-saloon, an intimate friend of my school teacher, of the same stripe. A faithful and honorable woman in my congregation testi-

fied to me that this pastor made shameful proposals to her. He is reputed to have said: "*Vitam sumereant, interficere tandem esse peccatum, non autem vitam dareant vivum facere.*"

In the meanwhile I had become pastor in Lunzenau, because the congregation at Lunzenau had won in the lawsuit with the mother church, was separated from Rochsburg and had become a self-supporting and independent parish. It received a new Church-order also, according to which, e.g., every Sunday two services were to be held at Lunzenau, which had not been the case before the separation. The enmity continued. On one occasion a lampoon against me was found tacked up at the street corner, which began with the words: "Pastor Buerger and the devil are undoubtedly dear bosom companions, etc."

On a barn-tower, which my friends from Seelitz had to pass when they came to my church on Sunday, were drawn ugly caricatures, with the designation: Mystic, or hypocrite. I was also informed by my pious count, secretly, that the police had been instructed to give particular attention to my activities, and to prevent any conventicles being held at my house.

On the upper part of the altar in the church a cross with a serpent had been placed. Soon after I had come to Lunzenau, the city judge had said to me that it might be a good thing if this serpent were removed from the cross, for it was an offensive thing. But I protested against that at the time, and directed him to the word of Christ, Even as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so must the Son of Man be lifted up. Two or three years later, the serpent was no longer to be seen on the cross, but lay broken in a corner of the sacristy. I was able to avenge this outrage. After we had a self-supporting parish in Lunzenau, a church seal had to be obtained. I considered it advisable to ask the superintendent for advice as to what I should have engraved on the seal. Apparently he had heard of the outrage. He said I should have some suitable symbol that appeared somewhere in the church. Hence I had a church seal engraved with a serpent upon a cross. No one dared to enter a protest against this.

In the Saxon Agenda, a miserable piece of bungling, also the correct form for absolution had been distorted, and the words, "I forgive unto you all your sins" were changed to "I declare unto you the forgiveness of your sins." I, however, used, both from the pulpit and in the confessional, the old form: "I forgive unto you your sins." Because of this I was accused by the town representative before the Consistorium, and soon received from that body the command that I give absolution according to the new Agenda. In a written defense I referred to the Holy Scriptures, in which Christ speaks: "Whosoever sins ye remit, they are

remitted unto them," and to the symbolical books, where we read: "Do you believe that my forgiveness is God's forgiveness?" and to the testimony of the old teachers of the Church, e.g. Ambrosius. I could naturally expect that the Consistorium would abide by its original ruling, so sought the counsel of Pastor Stephan as to how I should meet this situation. Stephan was regarded by us younger and as yet inexperienced pastors as a faithful and wise counsellor, in whom we placed great confidence. He gave me the poor counsel that, if it were demanded that I use the new form of absolution, I should say: if the congregation does not desire the correct form of absolution, then it shall not receive the same. It did not take long ere two superintendents, sent by the Consistorium, came to me and demanded of me that I make use of the form of absolution in the new agenda. My conscience was uneasy, but finally I gave the answer as Stephan advised. Yes, o shame! I signed my name, when a writing was placed before me, in which I promised henceforth to be guided by the new Agenda. Until this present hour that shameful denial has been a thorn to my conscience, for which I find consolation only in the blood of Christ. For it is a poor and insufficient comfort, and in time of temptation unsound, that I acted according to the advice of a man whom I trusted as wise and God-fearing. God's clear and distinct Word should have been my first and highest counsellor. It is a dangerous thing to depend on men, and a precious thing to stand firm and immovable on God's Word.

The 80-year old proud, unbelieving and malicious school teacher exerted himself to the utmost to undermine the confidence and love of my congregation, and to slander my name. Smirkingly, and often laughing, he sat over against me in the balcony, when I preached, so that I and the congregation could see by his grimaces when something in my sermon seemed to him unreasonable and false.

As indicated above, the new church-order set forth that two services were to be held every Sunday at Lunzenau. When, on one occasion, I had to preach and administer Holy Communion in a neighboring parish during a vacancy, I engaged a believing candidate to preach for me in Lunzenau, morning and afternoon, and requested him not to forget announcing that there would also be a service in the afternoon. As the candidate announced after the morning sermon that there would be a service in the afternoon, the schoolteacher called quite loud from the balcony (choir-loft): No service this afternoon! and repeated it at the conclusion of the service. He did not unlock the church doors in the afternoon, nor did he permit the bells to be rung. The people who wanted to get into the church could not, and went home again. When I remonstrated with the schoolteacher about this, he gave me a gruff

answer, and claimed to have done no wrong. Since I feared he might do this again, I had to report the matter to the superintendent. He may have given him a reproof for this, but the schoolteacher avenged this in that he accused me before the Minister of Cultus Frankenstein as false teacher. The complaint, which was sent to me by the minister, contained the following sentences:

"The religious spirit here, which had previously been raised through learned and sensible preachers, has already sunken considerably through the false teachings of Pastor Buerger, and in its place partly fanaticism and partly indifferentism have set in. His primary objective is to defame all preachers and teachers who do not have his erroneous letter-faith as hirelings, false teachers and heretics, and to consign them to hell. He also warns by all means not to go into a church where the Word of God is not preached as pure and unadulterated as in his. In short, all people in the world, high or low, learned or unlearned, that do not believe and teach as he, will end in the eternal sulphur-pit. The weak, the simple, the poorly educated believe this, and rejoice that one may so easily, according to his instruction, be eternally blessed, for they need but believe that their sins are washed away by the blood of Christ, repent, come frequently to confession and Holy Communion, where their sins are forgiven; therewith all is done that is necessary for the attainment of eternal bliss. His fanatical followers are of the lowest class of people. They multiply themselves through the example and encouragement of others, through evening meetings, through tracts given out by Pastor Buerger, and through other mystical books. But also through despising and defaming the rational believers they bring honor to their master. If a halt is not called to such disorder, then this nonsense will by and by spread among the common people in the entire land, and the stupefaction desired by many will become general. But also rationalism stands in danger of yielding to this indifferentism, since its religious sense cannot be edified and strengthened by the sermon. His sermons are a constant repetition of the Formula of Concord. According to his declaration: the Bible is literally inspired by the Holy Spirit, one hears nothing but the letter. He demands that the Bible should be read, one book after another, literally. That Pastor Buerger is a heretic is especially evident from the following: Concerning original sin he teaches that already in itself it is sin and deserves eternal punishment. Even children are born in sin. That is not taught in the Bible.

"Wrath, he declares, is an attribute of God. He does not teach evangelical Trinity, but Tritheism. With him especially Jesus is the eternal, the ununderstandable, the omniscient, the all-creating God. The Father is seldom mentioned. But the Holy Ghost, who inspires all in man, is

frequently mentioned. He teaches the Zoroastrian system of a good and evil principle, and grants to the devil great power over men. He has also reintroduced him in Baptism, in which we for many years have heard nothing of him.

"He forgives sins, and thereby he places himself, so to speak, on a level with God. Therefore he has altered the prescribed form for confession in such a way that he says, "I declare unto you the grace of God and forgive unto you your sins." For this reason he is held in great esteem by the simple folk, and contributes to the circumstance that other preachers, who follow reason and the prescribed order are despised.

"In the doctrine of the Lord's Supper, he maintains, the body and blood of Jesus are essentially in the bread and wine, not something merely thought of, but actually present and united and are actually received by the communicant. Furthermore, he maintains that Christ has not redeemed us by His doctrine.

"Those strange citizens who have from time to time preached for him are similarly determined."

Lunzenau, Dec. 20, 1834.

In complete reverence,
To the highly commendable Church Inspectors,
Haeberlein, Cantor emeritus.

And what did that Board say to this rudely and impertinently expressed heresy of that unfortunate old man, the same Board which had, two years before, required of me under oath that I should hold fast these very doctrines which Haeberlein had designated as error, and that I should hold myself aloof from all false and sectarian opinions, which are condemned by the symbolical books of our church?

Instead of taking a definite stand against this bold blasphemer, and taking him to task for this openly declared unbelief, I received the following official letter from the circuit director in Leipzig, signed by the Principle of Falkenstein himself:

"Because of the accusations made by the cantor emeritus Haeberlein against Pastor Buerger on account of his doctrine and official conduct, the local Consistorium has, as is known to Pastor Buerger, caused further inquiries to be made by Superintendent Dr. Lermann, and defense to be received from Pastor Buerger, and delivered a report to the royal ministry of culture and public education on the outcome thereof.

"By order of the latter Pastor Buerger is herewith solemnly reminded, with express reference to the well-intentioned as also adequate exhortation on the part of Superintendent Dr. Lermann, how greatly it is incumbent upon him, as an evangelical clergyman, *not to hold so firmly, rigidly and inflexibly to the dead letter of the Bible and of the*

symbolical books, but to probe ever deeper into the meaning and spirit thereof, to let it become ever more alive in him, and in accord therewith to proclaim the true, pure doctrine of salvation to his hearers.

"The royal circuit director expects the more confidently that Pastor Buerger will accommodate himself to this directive, and in general to meet his responsibilities as an evangelical protestant clergyman, considering that otherwise sterner measures must of necessity be adopted."

Royal Circuit Director
of Falkenstein.

Leipzig,
July 21, 1835.

Scripture and the symbols expressly declare:

That original sin is truly sin, and condemns all under the wrath of God who are not born again through Baptism and the Holy Ghost.

Scripture and the symbols speak clearly of the wrath of God.

They clearly teach that all men are conceived and born in sin, and that children bring sin with them into the world. They teach clearly that Christ is true, eternal, almighty God; furthermore, that the Holy Scriptures are inspired of God; that the called servants of the Church have the power to forgive sins; further, that, in the Holy Supper the true body and the true blood of Jesus Christ are present and received, etc. So I taught. Cantor Haeberlein says that, since I teach thus, I am a teacher of error, and the Minister of Public Worship and Education agrees with him.

The Lord Minister demands of me that I should not rigidly and inflexibly hold to the letter of the Bible and of the symbolical books, but delve into the spirit and meaning of them more deeply. So I am to add to those teachings of the Scripture and of the symbolical books, as taught in the letter, this meaning: Original sin is not sin, does not condemn; there is no wrath of God; children enter the world pure and without sin; Christ is not true God; the Holy Scriptures are not the Word of God, inspired; Christ did not give the Church the power to forgive sins; the true body and blood of Christ are not in the Holy Supper, etc.

O ye mad and raving leaders of the people, blinded by the devil! Poor Church, that has such government at its head!

No wonder that we groaned under such a yoke, as the children of Israel under the yoke of Pharaoh. No wonder that we yearned to be away from a land in which God's Word and Luther's doctrine was thus trampled under foot, and yearned for a land in which dwelt religious freedom. If this is remembered, then our final emigration will not receive so harsh a verdict as has been the case.

I must still narrate here what the end of that unfortunate man was. As I was in the sacristy one Sunday morning, his son came to me and informed me that his father was seriously ill and desired holy communion. How this information frightened me! I was convinced that he would receive the Holy Sacrament unworthily, if I were to give it to him, and to his damnation. If I gave him the Sacrament despite his hardness of heart and his continued unbelief, after fruitless teaching, warning and admonition, I would load upon myself a great burden of guilt; if I were not to give it to him, because I could not, after all, and dared not, then I could figure on a storm on the part of the congregation and the Church authorities. I delivered my sermon amid fear and trembling. I wrestled in prayer with God, that He might help me out of this great dilemma. Disturbed and with concern I went to church in the afternoon, to preach. Following the afternoon service I was to go to the sick man. How surprised I was when the son of the sick man entered the sacristy before the sermon and said to me: You need not come to my father; he has lost consciousness. How cheerfully I could now enter the pulpit. The sick man never regained consciousness, and died without receiving the Holy Supper. At his burial I did not have to deliver an address, because it was the custom in Lunzenau to bury the dead without a funeral address. A musical group, which was present for his burial, played a cheerful march on leaving the grave, after his good friend, the pastor in H., had delivered an address, and I had merely chanted the collect at the bier. Though I must needs lament the fact that here a man had died in unbelief who might have been saved, who was redeemed by the blood of Christ, yet a stone was taken from my heart, that he no longer sat over against me, grimacing and laughing mockingly during my sermon, and that he no longer agitated in the congregation. Here I clearly experienced a gracious answer to prayer, to the praise of God.

In the circle of several believing pastors, who groaned under the pressure, and among the believing laity, the question was being agitated and discussed, especially at the instance of Pastor Stephan, in Dresden, whether it was not about time to emigrate, specifically to America, the land of religious freedom. Counsel was sought from an American pastor, where, in America, the best place might be for us to settle. Plans were formulated for the best manner of transporting a considerable number of Lutherans across the sea. Competent men, of which there was no lack, were selected for this. The establishment of a "credit-treasury" was decided upon, out of which the ship-transportation of about 800 souls was to be paid, and into which men of means were to make contributions; and enough was gathered, so that also those without means

could be taken along. These had to pledge themselves to repay in America what had been paid for them out of this credit-treasury. In short, with great zeal and skill this great undertaking was carried out, so that in the months of November and December of 1839 [the author wrote 1839, but documentary evidence available incontrovertibly establishes that it should read 1838, and that the Copernicus, on which Pastor Buerger sailed, landed in New Orleans on the last day of 1938] six sailboats headed for the port of New Orleans, and the first ship, the Copernicus, landed in New Orleans with 80 souls on Dec. 31, 1939 [1938]. I and my congregation, which emigrated with me, were on this ship. Soon the others arrived. All the emigrants went from New Orleans to St. Louis, the established goal of our journey. One ship, the Amalia, was lost, without anyone hearing anything from it. That was the first severe blow that struck us, to be followed by many another.

Although much might be said to excuse our emigration, yet it was, in the main, a great error, more so with the instigators and leaders than with the weak and simple Christians, for they granted their leaders full confidence. For, in the first place, the pure confession of the Evangelical Lutheran Church still existed in Saxony legally, according to the law of the land; we pastors had been pledged upon it, and had so taken our oaths, and over against our enemies we could appeal to that; we should have stood firmly, and fought to the blood, until the validly existing pure confession of the state church fell and was put away, and we were driven out, or removed from office. Our emigration was premature. It was a flight under the cross; it was lightly esteeming our divine call, in many respects a work of the flesh. Under the assumption that we were doing the right thing, we tore asunder family ties, secretly took children from the parents, and spouses from their mates.

The lure of material advantage to be found in America, of which we had read and heard, may also easily have blinded our eyes. The Old Adam was more pleased with the earthly advantage and carnal ease than with the painful, honorable, God-pleasing and faithful fight of faith. But Stephan himself urged and lured toward emigration, undoubtedly from impure and sinful motives—something we did not, of course, know at that time. Had we known it, then probably not one of us would have followed him. His secret sins were unknown to us; he knew how to hide them. He knew the confession of the Lutheran Church out of a better era, had rich experience and great wisdom, and was regarded by all of us as a light, and a faithful shepherd, and was honored also by people of high rank. But he might well fear that his secret sinful doings would finally come to light, and hope that he could, in America, carry on unhindered, unhampered by church authorities.

Undoubtedly that was his chief motive in coaxing and agitating for emigration.

Thus analyzed, our emigration does, to be sure, stand as a great error. But what did our merciful God do? How did He deal with this erring little group? And what has He made of it? He revealed Stephan for what he was, brought us to a recognition of our error and great guilt, placed us under a great and heavy cross, gradually revealed to us the doctrinal errors which we had absorbed from Stephan and brought with us from Germany, awakened among us faithful teachers, who searched diligently and faithfully in the Holy Scriptures and in the writings of orthodox teachers, and shared the treasures found therein. The light of pure doctrine dispersed the darkness more and more, enlightened, gladdened and comforted the hearts of those that did not resist. In short, out of that small, erring group, despised and mocked by the world, God has in the course of time permitted a great people to grow forth, which has, by the banner of the pure confession of the Evangelical Lutheran Church spread over practically the whole United States, and finds friends, associates and followers also in other parts of the world. How great God has permitted this little group to become in the course of 50 years is proven by the Missouri Synod, which grew forth from it, with its great number of District Synods, its far-flung educational institutions, in which hundreds of preachers and teachers have been trained, who serve hundreds of congregations with the pure Word and Sacraments, the many parochial schools, the orphanages, the pro-seminaries, its rich activity in foreign and home missions, the periodicals, rich in content, the dissemination of the Scriptures, its victories over pseudo-Lutherans, synergists and other enemies. The devil and the world thought evil against this poor, unimportant little group, but how wonderfully good God has made it! To Him be glory, thanks and praise!

Three Years of My Life from Our Emigration to St. Louis until My Departure from Our Settlement in Perry County.

Through selected men a large piece of land in Perry County in the State of Missouri was bought, upon which a sufficient number of houses were erected, so that, for the time being, a few hundred people could find shelter. A large part of the emigrants, who desired to do farm work, moved onto this land; the remainder, mostly artisans, remained in St. Louis, because they had, in the course of time, found profitable employment there. We pastors still remained in St. Louis, also Stephan. Of necessity it appeared strange to me that Stephan pushed me into the background as over against the other pastors, so that I was not drawn

along into the discussions and consultations that were necessary. His antipathy to me manifested itself in particular in his criticism of a sermon which I had delivered in St. Louis, in which he accused me, and expressed it to others, that I had maligned the holy apostles in my sermon. For I had spoken correctly and scripturally of the weakness and the unbelief of the apostles (in an Easter-sermon) which they had manifested in reference to Christ's suffering and resurrection. This he called slander, an affront and a slander of the saints. I could not see that I had preached anything wrong, and began to be distrustful of the man in whom I had until then had full confidence. Indeed, he arranged that the pastoral care of my wife be turned over to Pastor Walther, and to me he assigned the duty of going 20 miles from St. Louis into the woods, where a goodly number of woodcutters from our association sought to earn something by woodcutting, to look after them spiritually, supplying them with God's Word, which I also did. There I spent much time in God's Word and prayer. I recognized that my life of faith had had a downward tendency through the many recent experiences; I had become complacent, lazy and indolent. I prayed God for direction to my soul, and to help me out of my misery, still unrecognizable to me, let it cost what it might. I fought against the distrust of Stephan, but unsuccessfully. Scarcely had I returned to St. Louis, when Walther came to me and said: "Prepare yourself for something terrible." He did not, however, tell me what it might be, and left me. Without doubt he feared that I might carelessly blabber about that which no one should as yet know or hear. Maidens whom Pastor Stephan had misused had, during my absence, been impelled by their awakened conscience to make an open confession to Pastor Loeber. With troubled heart Loeber had remained silent for several days, and kept his own counsel, but finally communicated the secret to Pastors Walther and Key. Before the time that the maidens had confessed their guilt to Pastor Loeber, Stephan had gone to the property which had been purchased, and was no longer in St. Louis. Having been strengthened, there in the primeval forest, by the Word of God, and assured of the grace of God, I had returned, prepared patiently to endure shame and slights. Loeber finally made everything known to me. Remarkable! Instead of being terrified at the revelations, as the others had been, I felt a strange sense of joy in my soul.

As the ungodly conduct of Stephan eventually became known to the congregation, the agitation was tremendous. No stone was to be left unturned to render Stephan harmless, and to prevent his gaining any following. It was resolved to send Pastor Walther to Perry County. He was successful in persuading all who had already gone there to forsake

Stephan without Stephan's observing anything of it. Soon thereafter also we pastors, and a large number of those who did not desire to remain in St. Louis, leased a steamship to go to Perry County. Following an investigation undertaken with Stephan, he was deposed, and banished from the settlement to Illinois. There he is said to have served a congregation for a period of time, and to have died without any evidence of repentance. That was the end of a man who had once been a faithful witness of Jesus Christ, who had directed many souls upon the way of salvation. What a warning example! "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed, lest he fall!" [Since many of his family have served the church, even our own Synod, faithfully, this may well be prejudiced judgment. E. J. B.]

The lands were distributed among the creditors who had paid their money into the credit-treasury. Five localities were established with the names: Dresden, Altenburg, Niederfrohna, Seelitz and Wittenberg. Although many of the poor, whose transportation had been paid out of the credit-treasury, paid up honestly in the course of time, yet the creditors were obliged to lose much, and to accept the land at a much higher price than it was worth. Each of the pastors went to that locality where those people lived who had been under his pastoral care in Germany. Thus I went to Seelitz, where those people lived whom I had served while I was assistant pastor to my father in Seelitz.

Now, however, a time of great misery and suffering set in. Sick-nesses, cold fever (ague), named inflammatory fever, snatched away a great number, particularly in Seelitz, which lay low in a valley. The land was largely virgin, and had to be brought under cultivation. The means were lacking to acquire the direst necessities. The brethren in faith remaining in St. Louis, who had found a good income there, did, indeed, send help, but they could not adequately relieve the shortage.

Worse was the spiritual distress that came over us. Doubt began to be expressed concerning the legitimacy of our emigration. The questions arose: What are we? Did our pastors rightfully resign their offices in Germany? Do they here have a proper call? Are they not seducers who have enticed us to this man, and helped toward tearing asunder family ties, so that children forsook their parents and spouses their mates? Are we to be designated a Lutheran congregation, and is the Lutheran Church in our midst, the Lutheran ministry, the rightful administration of the Sacraments, etc.? The effort was made to ease this situation thereby that, in orderly meetings, all pastors were called for the conducting of the ministerial office in each of the congregations. But the confidence had been shaken. In this I suffered most. In my congregation, in which several had suffered great loss, the unrest because

of that seemed to be great. Even though I had nothing to do with the credit-treasury and the bookkeeping, as this was in the hands of a faithful and conscientious treasurer, yet they looked upon me as a seducer and the cause of their distress and their losses. Even during the voyage I had given them occasion to be dissatisfied with me. It had been their previous experience for a long time that I treated them in a fraternally loving and friendly manner; for eight years a very cordial relationship had existed between us. But on the voyage, when I was not sufficiently watchful of myself, I had often been gruff, hard and unfriendly toward them, especially when the burden of the work was pressing upon me. My conscience became ever more disturbed over the sins of our emigration; I recognized that it had been premature, that, since the pure confession still had legal standing in Saxony, we should have remained and fought; that we, disdaining the cross, had lightly forsaken our divinely committed offices, that we had torn family ties asunder, and misled many souls into error and brought them into much misery. These questions and doubts pressed more and more upon my conscience. I doubted the legality of my call to the ministry in Perry county, and whether I was worthy to administer the ministerial office. Added to that was the fact that my congregation had grown indifferent and distrustful toward me. In a meeting at which I was not present several had provided themselves sport by uttering slanders against me. My heart was crushed and broken, and I was not ashamed to acknowledge my wrong privately and publicly. There also came a heavy domestic cross. I, my wife and two sons lay sick with fever. There was lack of even the most necessary things, even of water. My wife gave birth to a daughter, who was strangled at birth, because we lacked the aid of a midwife. My wife died 14 days later as a true Christian, certain of her salvation through faith in Christ Jesus. Thus, deserted of men, and, as I thought, of God, mine was a sorrowful state. Doubts continued; I read much, especially in Luther's exposition of Paul's letter to the Galatians, in the first chapter, concerning the words in the 2d verse, "the churches in Galatia", the following words:

"Here Jerome raises the question why St. Paul counts the Galatians as of the Christian Church, whereas they are no Christian congregation or church, for St. Paul writes to the Galatians who had fallen from Christ and grace and had turned to Moses and the Law. Thereupon I answer thus: that St. Paul here speaks according to the figure that is called '*synekdochen*' and is quite common in the Scriptures, as he also writes to the Corinthians, and rejoices with them concerning the grace of God in Christ Jesus, that they through Him were enriched in all doctrine and in all knowledge, though many among them had been misled

through false apostles, and did not believe that there was a resurrection of the dead etc. Even so we in our times call the Roman churches and bishoprics holy, even though they are deceived, and their servants godless. For our Lord God rules in the midst of His enemies, and the Antichrist sits in the temple of God. Again: Satan is in the midst of the children of God, etc. Hence, though the Galatians were deceived, yet Baptism, God's Word, and the name of Christ has remained among them. So also there have been several pious souls among them, who have not fallen away from Paul's teaching, and they have retained the Word and the Sacraments pure, and used them correctly, so that they have not, because of the apostates, become impure and unholy. For, though some, for their own person, have become soiled or unholy, or also have incorrect opinions concerning the Gospel or the Sacrament, therefore they are not of necessity immediately unholy, be they among the pious or the godless, and are not by them either made holy or unholy. It is indeed true that for the unchristian they are by our good or evil conduct and life either dishonored and profaned, or, on the other hand, honored and sanctified, but not by our Lord God." Thus far Luther.

This word brought rays of light to my soul. I must call our seduced congregations valid congregations in God's sight; I could not deny that all rights and treasures belonged to these congregations, which Christ has won for His Church, that they had the power to establish the ministry and cause the Sacraments to be administered by called servants. Therefore I did not dare to say that the Sacraments administered among us were not the true Sacraments, ordained by Christ. I showed this passage to a Mr. N.N. Whether Pastor Walther's attention was directed to this passage through this Mr. N.N. or whether Walther found it in his seeking and searching for clarity, for that none has the praise but God alone. For it was this passage particularly out of which God permitted light, and abundant light, to stream forth. Walther was equipped by God with rich gifts, and understood how to make the most of this goldmine, as none of us would have understood it, least of all I. Undoubtedly just this passage gave Walther occasion to seek out the testimony of other faithful church fathers. He was able masterfully to erect the building on this foundation, which now stands before our eyes. When the well-known colloquium was held in Perry County, Walther communicated this new-found treasure to a vast assembly. He proved that, despite our aberrations, Christ's Church was here, with all the rights and treasures earned by Christ. But at this colloquium a grave injustice was done me. As Walther demonstrated that the administration of Holy Communion in our congregations was the correct Holy Supper, as instituted by Christ, and not a comedy-act, the question was

raised, who had said that. Thereupon someone arose and said, Pastor Buerger had so designated it. I, dismayed at this accusation, lost my presence of mind, and was not able to give the assembly a clear explanation of an expression of mine. Thus it had happened: for a time I had not administered Holy Communion in my congregation, partly because I feared I did not have the proper call thereto, partly because I felt that true repentance and worthiness were lacking in the congregation. I did not omit the administration of this Sacrament as though the Sacrament administered among us were not the true Sacrament. Perhaps that was, on my part, a wrong and highhanded action, that I withdrew this Sacrament from them. For they were not deceivers, but deceived, just as were we pastors; we had not sinned maliciously, but out of weakness. Our congregational members had a lesser fault than we pastors, who should have examined more carefully according to God's Word whether it be God-pleasing that we emigrate. Furthermore, the Holy Supper is not to be denied a person because he is a sinner, perhaps even guilty of grievous sin, for we ever remain great sinners, and our emigration-sins were not the greatest. The Holy Supper dare be withheld only from such as clearly indicate that they are impenitent, do not promise to amend, but wish to abide in their sins. This I could not prove regarding any of my members, that they were impenitent, or that they deliberately or consciously intended to abide in their sins. I judged too harshly concerning the sins of those who in full confidence had followed us pastors and desired religious freedom. It is small wonder that my members were dissatisfied with me, because I did not wish to administer Holy Communion. This same man who, on the occasion of the colloquium accused me as the one who had called the Holy Supper here administered a comedy-act, once said to me, he had heard that in Seelitz they intended to celebrate Holy Communion to spite me. This expression, 'to spite me' (*mir zum Possen*), shocked me, and I thought immediately, that is indeed a misuse of the Holy Supper, and an evil play. Thus I had not called the correctly administered Lord's Supper a comedy-act, but had desired so to name the evil, ungodly use thereof. Further, every one of my members could have received Holy Communion from one of the neighboring pastors; why should they want to celebrate it to spite me? Since I could not, because of my confusion, explain this matter clearly to the assembly and adequately defend myself, the suspicion remained, and my people, with the exception of a few, turned from me and joined neighboring congregations, after they had personally denounced me with harsh words. Although I was convinced that the true ministry could be established among us, and the Sacraments administered, yet I could not satisfy myself that my call here was divine,

having forsaken the office in Germany, committed to me by God. When I had found a passage in Luther's writings, in which he states that a preacher must be certain of his divine call, I could not administer my office here. Since the majority of my members has forsaken me, and had gone over to other congregations, and my doubts had disappeared and I stood on firm ground, and I could with good conscience accept a call into the ministry, it had become impossible for me to find a call in Perry County. The two or three members who remained faithful to me were not in a position to support me and my family. Since they could join neighboring congregations, I had no scruples about seeking another way, and leaving Perry County.

I must indeed acknowledge that I had in this entire procedure sinned much against truth and love, and that pride and envy had entered into the picture considerably. But I dare say also that I could take offense at much. I had not desired to withdraw myself from the pastors, but they held themselves aloof from me, and made no endeavor to lead me to a correct understanding through God's Word, and to take my error from me. I held myself aloof from them because I had heretofore been shamefully deceived by men, and did not want to be deceived again. It was my desire to stand on my own feet, that is, upon God's Word, and that became difficult for me. In my soul-, body-, and domestic troubles I was left to my fate, and only a few inquired where I would find bread for myself and my children. The neighboring pastors accepted my members without notifying me, or discussing the matter with me beforehand. I was condemned (or judged) too severely, whereas I should have been given sympathy. I desired clarity and light. To be under the grace of God, to serve in my divine calling, that was of foremost importance to me. Even the sainted esteemed Walther, who conducted himself in that battle in so extraordinarily faithful, wise and conscious a manner, did me wrong in that he reproved me publicly in that colloquium. that I had called the matter of Holy Communion a comedy-act, without first consulting me in the matter whether it were true, or slander, whereby I was more and more discredited. The esteemed Walther certainly did not do this wrong to me maliciously or intentionally. It was incumbent upon him to strive with all earnestness for the conviction that the Holy Supper did exist among us and was being administered properly, and to scourge severely all who denied it to confuse the consciences. If it could be proved that I had called the celebration of Holy Communion a comedy-act, then I deserved this public rebuke. For I had certainly given other occasions, even though not deliberately, for others to mistrust me. But here there was a real slander which was raised against me, and inquiry should first have been

held with me, whether I had said what I had been accused of. In addition, there was but one witness who could have told this to Walther, and manifestly had told it to him, and had probably misunderstood me. With the exception of Walther, who perhaps most of all recognized and bewailed the sins which had been committed through the emigration, and sought and searched how the poor people might be helped, I feared that the other pastors did not take the matters with sufficient earnestness, which caused me to mistrust them. But that was my own sinful thinking, since I could not look into their hearts, and could not prove that I had a right to fear as I did. It was the devil who agitated, and helped, where he could, to destroy and lay waste. To God be glory and praise that he did not succeed, and that He finally also helped me, and granted me forgiveness of my guilt.

What a good friend I later was to said pastors and in what splendid relation of friendship I stood especially with the sainted Walther until his death, they could testify if they were still living. I have also been an upright lover of the Missouri Synod, and thank God for permitting me to remain in America.

Nine Years in Buffalo.

I resolved to return to Germany, and joined the family Marbach, which also wished to return there. In order to have money for travel I sold all my effects which I could spare, realizing only \$200. Therewith I ventured to undertake the journey. God be praised that He interrupted me on the way, so that I did not get back to Germany, but had to enter into another school.

We travelled by water on the Mississippi and Ohio rivers through Louisville, Cincinnati, Cleveland and on Lake Erie, and finally arrived in Buffalo. There Dr. Marbach looked up a Lutheran, to whom he was to deliver a letter. He took us to a good hotel and invited us for tea in the evening. It was on a Sunday when we arrived in Buffalo. We visited Grabau's church in the afternoon, and, after the services, Grabau himself. He received us in friendly fashion. Soon we came to talking of church matters. When he heard, however, that I had been a Lutheran pastor in Germany and here, and that I desired to return to Germany, he encouraged me to remain here and named four congregations to me, which I could immediately serve. Having been made fearsome by my experiences, and because I had heard many an adverse tale about Grabau, I turned down the offer. We took our leave, and in the evening went to the Lutheran who had invited us. Quite a little group of Lutherans was gathered there, who had emigrated as a congregational unit from Silesia with their Pastor Krause because of the Prussian Union;

they told us some alarming things about Grabau. They narrated that, already in Germany, Grabau had placed them under ban, because of an altercation with him in Hamburg; this ban Grabau had repeated and established in Buffalo. For Grabau had at the same time emigrated with a congregation from Erfurt and Hannover, and both congregations had arrived in Hamburg at about the same time. Up to that time the Silesians had had no sort of relation with Grabau. Both had been independent congregations. After the Silesians had made fruitless efforts, both in Hamburg and in Buffalo, to persuade Grabau to recognize his wrong, they had separated themselves from him, and had finally burned his decree of excommunication, which he had sent to them in writing; this was done in front of Grabau's house; and, since they had no pastor, their Pastor Krause having deserted them and returned to Germany, they were conducting their services by themselves. After they had briefly made known to us the nature of their altercation with Grabau, it was time to break off and go home. After we had taken our leave and were already gone a little way from the house, these people sent an elderly man after us, who was to ask me whether I wanted to become their pastor. I could not answer immediately upon this. Dr. Marbach answered for me, saying to me: You will want to deliberate upon this, and give a reply to it tomorrow evening. During the next day I remained alone in my hotel, while the Marbachs visited Niagara Falls, but determined to go to Grabau, and ask him for information concerning his altercation with the Silesians. When I told him that the Silesians wanted to call me as their pastor, he became greatly agitated, and poured out vehement vituperations against "this rabble, these grumblers", as he called them, but promised to let me read the protocol, and I promised to return the following day, in order to read them through. On the evening of the same day I went again to the Silesians, to give them the promised answer. After careful deliberation I had come to the conclusion to give them such an answer as I could in good conscience give them. I found the Silesians assembled; also many women had come along. I explained to them first of all how things had gone for me in Missouri, the doubts we had had concerning the legitimacy of our emigration, and how it had come that I had again left Missouri perforce, and told them that for the present I could give them the following answer to their proposal, namely that I would and must first obtain accurate insight into their dealings with Grabau, and seek to learn whether, before God, they had the right to organize an independent congregation, and to establish the office of the holy ministry over against Grabau in their midst. I would, therefore, remain here and investigate the matter. If I were to come to the conclusion that I could become their pastor, I would accept their

call; if, however, I could not come to this conclusion, I would travel on. In order not to consume my travel-money, however, during the time I remained, I must ask them to take care of the living costs for myself and my children. They gladly entered in upon this. My children were well taken care of by a childless couple, and I was received into the home of the same Lutheran whom we had come to know upon our arrival, and in whose home the meetings had been held. Dr. Marbach and his family travelled on. Thereby a step had been taken which had extraordinary events as consequence, as shall be shown later. On the next day I again visited Grabau, and asked him for the promised information and the protocol. But he refused point blank to show me the proceedings, and began again to scold this "rabble" with furious gestures. He reproached me that, as he had heard, I had accepted lodging among these people; I should have received lodging with one of the members of his congregation. Since I was meddling with his enemies, he could not and would not give me the protocols. I told him that the spirit that he manifested herein did not please me at all. Since nothing could be accomplished, I took my leave. In order to obtain information, I had to search wherever possible. In my investigation these facts stood out clearly:

A number of Lutherans in Silesia, under pressure of the Prussian Union, had adopted the resolution in a meeting to emigrate to America as a congregational unit with their Pastor Krause. To that end they sent their pastor and two delegates ahead. One delegate was to make the necessary arrangements in Hamburg and the pastor and the other delegate (plenipotentiary, or authorized agent) prepare for their reception in Buffalo. Having arrived in Buffalo, Krause associated himself with several Lutheran families, rented a hall, and held divine services there, a place which the Silesians should later take over. The agent who was to provide for the transportation of the congregation in a sailing vessel out of Hamburg, learned during his stay there that the president of the Australian Company in London, by name of Angos, was conveying emigrants to Australia at a low price, and thought his fellow-believers might enjoy religious freedom in Australia as well as in America, and since they were without funds, could find this religious freedom at little cost. He therefore entered into correspondence with said Angos, who set forth to him some very favorable and acceptable conditions. Both the congregation of Grabau and the Silesian congregation arrived at about the same time in Hamburg. Now the matter was discussed back and forth among the Silesians, which might be best, to emigrate to Australia, or, carry out the resolution formed in Silesia and follow after their Pastor Krause to America. Grabau, who heard of it, meddled into

the matter, although it was no concern of his. He declared, the Silesians must go to Australia, since that which their agent had carried on with Angos was the same as though the congregation had done it. Following this imputation great excitement arose, and a long battle between Grabau and the Silesians. Angos had promised the agent a considerable sum, in order to ease the transportation of the Silesians to Australia. Grabau now prepared a letter addressed to Angos, in which the Silesians declared that, if Angos demand that the Silesians, in consequence of the dealings between him and their agent, and the promised sum for their support, emigrate to Australia, they would do so. The Silesians were to sign this letter at Grabau's insistence. For already at that time Grabau demanded unconditional obedience from his congregation, also in temporal matters. Understandably the Silesians were wary of signing such a paper. Only a few signed. The agitation grew ever greater, as Grabau declared, if you do not sign, I will excommunicate you from all Christian fellowship. At the time when Grabau celebrated Holy Communion he refused to give the sacrament to the Silesians. He is said to have refused to receive even the women. Enraged over this, the Silesians chartered a ship and departed for America, following their Pastor Krause. But America had not pleased Krause, and he had started on his way back to Germany before his congregation arrived in Buffalo, but they met on the way, at Albany, and the congregation took him along back to Buffalo. Without telling anyone about it, he was soon again on his way back to New York, where he came in contact with Grabau and his people. There Grabau may have told him what had transpired between him and the Silesians at Hamburg. One may readily realize that Grabau put the Silesians in a bad light before Krause. Pastor Krause travelled back to Germany; there he is said to have applied for a pastorate in the Union, and even to have revealed to the police the hiding places in which Lutherans were wont to conceal themselves when the police searched for them. Then he purportedly confessed his sin to the Lutherans there. But since neither the Lutherans nor the Unionists trusted him, he made his way back to America. In Buffalo he did not join himself to his congregation, but sought his wellbeing in the arms of Grabau, who was quite willing to receive him. Before Krause had returned to Buffalo, Grabau had seized the hall of the Silesians, who permitted it, hoping that the controversy might be settled peaceably. But in the repeated dealings the rift became ever greater. Grabau would not acknowledge his wrong; indeed, he finally declared: those who grant that I am right, stand to my right; and those who hold the Silesians in the right, stand at my left. Since only the Silesians stood at his left, he declared, as at Hamburg: I exclude you from all Christian fellowship.

Krause had now arrived in Buffalo, and both Grabau and Krause invited the Silesians to a meeting once more. Since here also Grabau would not yield, and Krause sided with Grabau, and the Silesians would not yield, no peace was established. Indeed, the Silesians finally received a "bull of excommunication," signed by Grabau and Krause, in which they were excluded from all Christian fellowship, and consigned to the devil. The Silesians, however, took this bull and cast it into a fire that had been made in front of Grabau's house. They held divine services in their homes, and from that hour remained separated from Grabau and Krause. Four weeks after this had happened, I arrived in Buffalo with my travel companions and we learned what had happened, as related, from the lips of the Silesians. What transpired between me and Grabau I have also related. From this my investigation the following became clear:

1) The Silesians were an independent congregation, who had had no sort of relation with Grabau.

2) Their emigration was permissible and legitimate. It occurred because of the Union, and because the full true Lutheran confession would not be tolerated in Prussia. It had not occurred as the emigration of the Saxons, since the confession of the Lutheran Church still prevailed there legally.

3) They desired nothing else to be taught in their congregation than the Word of God, as revealed in the Old and New Testament of the Holy Scriptures, as repeated and confessed in the confessions of the Lutheran Church.

4) The excommunication pronounced over them by Grabau and Krause was entirely unjust and godless.

5) The Silesians possessed all those rights, goods, and treasures which Christ had procured for His Church, therefore a perfect right to call a pastor, to establish the office of the ministry in their midst, to cause the Word of God to be publicly proclaimed, and the Holy Sacraments to be administered among them.

With great joy I could, after four weeks, announce to the Silesians that I would remain with them, and accept the call to the ministry in their midst. A formal call was prepared for me, and I was solemnly installed by the elders. This, that the Silesians organized themselves over against Grabau as an Evangelical Lutheran Congregation under the name, "First Evangelical Lutheran Trinity Congregation," which later was incorporated under that name, and called for itself a pastor, was an extraordinarily important event, though it had a lowly appearance to the world. What important consequences to this event! How many events tied into this in the course of time!

Grabau took a stand against me with great hatred; he cursed, slandered, scolded us from the pulpit and in writings, in which I suffered most. My honored name "Buerger" he changed to "Wuerger" (murderer); my congregation he called a rabble, and me a rabble-preacher. He sought to fill members of his congregation with aversion to us, forbade their intercourse with us, accepted no member of my congregation as sponsor in baptism. From the pulpit warnings were sounded against rabble, sects, etc.

The spirit of Grabau, his pride and imperiousness thereby became more and more evident. He issued a "pastoral letter" against us which, because of the dangerous unlutheran and papistic doctrines contained therein, had to be attacked by Missourian pastors, which led to a battle of more than twenty years between the Missourians and Grabau, in which it became evident what a dangerous man in doctrine and practice Grabau could have become for the Lutheran church if no opposition had been offered him. By means of the splendid testimony given in this battle by those of Missouri as well as in the colloquium that followed later with pastors who had been associated with Grabau in a Synod, the latter, as well as a large number of congregational members who had, in several congregations hitherto belonging to the Buffalo Synod, allowed themselves to be led to a recognition of Grabau errors and were persuaded to unite with the Missouri Synod. A large number of members of Grabau's congregation left Grabau, and, after I was no longer in Buffalo, got in touch with my successor, joined the congregation, and jointly built a large church as well as a roomy schoolhouse on Michigan Street, retaining the name, "First Evangelical Lutheran Trinity Congregation," which my congregation had, in its incorporation, adopted. Thus the First Evangelical Lutheran Trinity Church on Michigan Street has its roots in that occurrence of the establishment of the ministry in the midst of that congregation which had emigrated from Silesia. The exposing of Grabau, his doctrine and practice, and the final victory of sound doctrine and Lutheran practice over unlutheran false teaching and papistic practice was certainly a precious gift of God for the Lutheran Church in America, and an important event in its history.

As regards my call to the Silesian congregation, it was of extraordinary importance to me. Despite my aberrations God held me to be worthy to labor in His Church, to suffer insults for Christ's sake, and to preach the Gospel and to give me joy in my new and settled position. According to God's gracious will I was not to return to Germany and there perhaps get into greater danger to my soul, and my posterity should not spread itself in Germany, but here in America. I should become a participant of the rich blessing which God desired to pour out upon

our Synod of Missouri, Ohio and other states, and also my posterity should become partakers of this blessing, whereas in Germany they would have been in danger of being misled through false churches. — I continue to relate the course of my life, from the time of my entry upon my office [in Buffalo]:

A roomy hall was rented for our divine services, under which there was also a residence for me. Since I could not, because of my two children, remain alone, I married a quiet, pious and domestically well-reared virgin, the daughter of a school teacher, by name of Ernestine Salome Meissner, with whom I lived practically thirty years in a blessed union. She was a very faithful mother to the step-children, whom I brought to her, and she bore the cross willingly with me, which God laid upon us. She gave birth to eleven children, of whom but four are now living.

The congregation grew through the accession of members who left Grabau's church, being dissatisfied with his actions. Though from without we were slandered and defamed by Grabau from his pulpit, yet within the congregation there was peace and quiet, but only for a period of time, for this was to the devil a thorn in his side.

A number of Pommeranians, who had left Grabau's church as the result of a quarrel, and several Silesians, had moved to Wisconsin and settled in Milwaukee and the vicinity, and heard that the Silesian congregation living in Buffalo had a pastor. Lutheran pastors of pure doctrine were at that time still seldom found, since there was still an utter lack of educational institutions where servants of the church could be educated, and none were therefore to be had. These Lutherans then made the proposition to us that we migrate to their location, that they, too, might be served, and I provide them with God's Word and the Sacraments. The larger portion of the congregation wanted to go in on this proposition, while the smaller portion was against it. Out of this a bitter quarrel arose; I could think of no way better to end this than to propose that the congregation grant me permission to travel to Wisconsin for a period of about two months, to prepare a large number of children for confirmation, whose parents had earnestly desired especially on that account to have a pastor among them, and confirm them. When this had been done I would return to Buffalo. They entered in upon this suggestion. So I travelled to Milwaukee. A number of members travelled with me, whereby the congregation in Buffalo was appreciably diminished. In the meantime a dispute had arisen in Milwaukee over the question of whether the elders of the congregation had the power to do all that which the properly called pastor is to do, hence to celebrate Holy Communion, etc. A part said 'yes' to this, but

the greater part, 'no'. This was the first task for me when I arrived in Milwaukee, to give my decision on this question. This I did in the second meeting, in that I had set up a review on it. My answer was: Since the elders could not show forth a specific call, according to which they might administer the sacraments or preach publicly, they dared not do all that which a called pastor has to do. The party which maintained the opposite became so enraged at this my decision that they threatened to burn my treatise if I did not sign my name to it, which I had failed to do. No agreement was reached, and I could only serve that part which desired my services. The split remained. I preached, baptized, gave confirmation instructions, administered Holy Communion. When, after the expiration of two months, I desired to return to Buffalo, the congregation asked me whether I would not become their pastor. The congregation in Milwaukee was four to six times larger than the congregation in Buffalo; I could expect a much larger salary in the former; but I had to answer that I could not do it, since I had promised the congregation in Buffalo that I would return there. This promise I had to keep. I return to Buffalo and continued my work there.

During the dispute we had had in Buffalo, a man had indulged in offensive language against me and those who had been for the migration to Wisconsin. This man announced himself for Holy Communion. When I asked him to recognize this transgression, he remained obstinate despite my plea, warning and admonition, and I had to deny him Holy Communion. In anger and indignation over this he went about in the congregation and incited the people against me, and demanded an investigation. Since practically all members went over to his side, I was suspended from office, until the matter had been thoroughly investigated. Not long after this, however, several of the members disapproved of this high-handed procedure, and protested against it. The congregation split over this into two parties. Those who were against the suspension had in the meantime come to me and asked me to carry on in my office. As the matter was to be investigated in the meeting, I declared that, since my suspension was unjustified and a part of the congregation demanded a continuation of my ministration, I would do this. What did this man now do, to whom I had denied Holy Communion? He rented the hall from the owner of the house in his own name; he, S., had the key thereto. When I sought to hold divine services with that part of the congregation which rejected the suspension, we found the hall locked, and it was utterly impossible to do anything against Mr. S. We were forced to rent another location, and to get along as well as possible. The split remained. The opposition retained the hall, and conducted their services

without us, and we ours without them. Not long after this I became acquainted with an American who owned a large piece of ground on William Street. He offered this to me for my congregation as a church and school lot for \$300, and was willing to give us 20 years for payment; we should build our church upon it. I communicated this acceptable offer to my people, and they were immediately ready to go in upon it. In order to make the purchase and prepare the necessary papers we had to become incorporated as a congregation. We were incorporated under the name, "First Evangelical Lutheran Trinity Congregation." We could take this name, because Grabau had caused his congregation to be incorporated as "Old Lutheran Church"; furthermore, my congregation had arrived in Buffalo sooner than he with his congregation. This designation it still carries, after it has grown to be a large tree. As yet we could not build a church, but I caused the lumber for the house which I had bought, which I intended to have placed on a lot, to be put on the church lot, and have a house build there. Not yet entirely completed, it had to serve in part as my residence, and in part in a lower room for conducting services and school. Thereby we saved rental for a hall, and I, too, had a free home, and we had but the interest to pay on the \$300. In this house we conducted our divine services, and the congregation grew more and more, so that the space became too small.

Further disturbances arose in the congregation. A number of members came over to us from Grabau's congregation who ultimately revealed themselves as fanatics, heretics and arrogant brawlers. They were in part people who had permitted themselves to be misled into the Ehrenstroemian fanaticisms, in part such as raised certain questions concerning the office of elders. Pastor Ehrenstroem, who, for a time, had testified well against the Prussian Union and had had to endure much persecution, had united a group of Lutherans for emigration to America, but had to permit his congregation to travel on ahead because he had been sentenced to a year's imprisonment for having offended the provincial councilor by a public utterance. Upon its arrival this congregation associated itself with Grabau, and settled in the same vicinity where a group of Lutherans who had emigrated under Grabau's direction had settled. When Ehrenstroem arrived a year later, he too associated himself with Grabau, but these two proud spirits soon got into mutually bitter enmity. Grabau wanted to rule, and Ehrenstroem would not let himself be ruled. Grabau had the advantage that he had won Ehrenstroem's people to himself during the latter's absence. Ehrenstroem attacked the "pastoral letter" issued by Grabau, in such manner that he criticized exactly that in the pastoral letters which the Missourian pastors had criticized. Because he still did not succeed in drawing his

people away from Grabau and win them for himself, he in the course of time got into most terrible erroneous ways. He endeavored to awaken a living Christianity through prayer meetings. In those meetings one after another had to pray. Ehrenstroem stood behind the person praying, to criticize, either praising or condemning the prayer. Several of my members were seduced into attending these prayer meetings, and then held me in suspicion as a dead and unconverted person because I did not do the same as Ehrenstroem. One of these had said in such an Ehrenstroemian meeting that I wouldn't even coax a dog away from a fire. Ehrenstroem answered him that he should see to it that he were not the dead dog. Since these prayer meetings did not accomplish much, Ehrenstroem went to even worse things. He called the Lutheran Bible translation into question, even the writings of Luther and other orthodox theologians, and persuaded his farmers that they must learn to know the Bible in the original language, and began even to instruct them in the Hebrew language. A farmer to whom Ehrenstroem's performances finally got to be too much, and who later joined my congregation, still knew his Hebrew vocables which he had learned from Ehrenstroem. Ehrenstroem was finally forsaken by his people and went to California, where he is said to have suffered a miserable end. But some of his spirit remained in my congregation. In the eyes of some I was regarded as a still unconverted man. I should also thunder with the Law, as Ehrenstroem had done. My homely, simple sermons, as I endeavored to deliver them in accordance with the Word of God and the confessional writings, were not sufficient for them. An endeavor was made to awaken a mistrust toward me among my members.

In an Easter sermon I had also confessed the co-resurrection of the blood of Christ. A man who had previously been known to me as a proud brawler and fanatical spirit came to me soon after this and declared this to be a false, erroneous doctrine, and that the co-resurrection of the blood of Christ was an impossibility. My proofs from the Scriptures and from the writings of sound teachers he discarded stubbornly. After I had dealt with him for months with care and patience, I observed with surprise and sorrow that he had a following in the congregation, which at least doubted the co-resurrection of the blood of Christ, and demanded that such things should not be taken into the pulpit. Naturally I had to take a stand against this with all firmness, which, then, could not be concluded without a quarrel.

A third error threatened to arise, for some asserted that the elders of the congregation have the full office which the pastor has; they have the power to preach publicly, to administer the sacraments, and to be active in the care of souls (*Seelsorge*) in the same manner as the pastor.

Here, too, there was much loose talk, quarrelling and disputing, and a proud, fanatical spirit. The devil sought thereby to plant hatred against my person in their hearts.

At the same time that Ehrenstroem had arrived in America, the first synodical assembly was held in Chicago. I had also been invited to attend, and so made the journey. On the way, in Detroit, I met Pastors Craemer, Trautmann and Richmann, who also planned to attend this meeting. They intended to go to Chicago by train; however, I urged them to travel with me by steamboat on the lakes, to which they agreed. As we came by water to the straits leading to Mackinaw Island, our ship could go no further because of the ice. We were delayed a day on the island, together with 4 or 5 paddlewheelers [?]. The captain undertook to go on the next day, to break the ice with his ship. Unfortunately he did not succeed. We had to remain stuck in the ice for three days, until one of the paddlewheelers succeeded in breaking a path by special operations. The unpleasant thing about this was that we arrived in Chicago two days late, after Synod had already begun its sessions. After a colloquium and after I had confessed that I had without right separated myself from the pastors in Perry County, I was accepted into Synod. Also the small group that had suspended me in Buffalo and wished to be considered a congregation, had sent a delegate, who travelled on one of the paddlewheelers. The Synod had to investigate our dealings. Dissatisfied with the declaration of Synod, in which my opponents were not given right in the matter, the delegate left Chicago, and later wrote a defamatory article against Synod with the title, "The Deceptive Sign Board", which he caused to be published in a church periodical.

Through the joining of my congregation with Missouri Synod an important step had been taken. Synod took an interest in our affairs as though they were her own. We were richly supported in the building of a church, since the building operation was soon undertaken. In the congregation itself only a small amount could be raised for this building. I also collected for this in the city and out in the country, and asked a goodly number of larger congregations for support through a letter, and we received so much that we could undertake practically the entire building program. We erected a spacious church, and I lived next to it in the house I had built on the church lot. In Grabau's congregation there was a large number that was not satisfied with his dealings and were threatening to step out. But they had no desire to join my church. I was in the way. And why? They were ashamed to accept that man as pastor who had so often been denounced by Grabau, condemned as rabble-preacher, as "*Wuerger*" [assassin], and they believed the ravings of the hostile members of my congregation. They thought, if another

pastor were to come in my place, they might join. That I stood in the way of these people was fuel to the fire that my opponents stirred up, and made the wish ever greater among them that another pastor replace me. The agitation emanated especially from those people who had separated from Grabau. Indeed, even among those who had suspended me there were two or three members who would gladly have rejoined my congregation if only I were gone. Indeed, that man whom I had barred from the Lord's Table because of his offense, which he would not confess, had his child confirmed and I received also him for holy communion after he had made a rather "scanty" confession. I did, indeed, have a number of friends in my congregation, but they were outvoted.

In Eden, not far from Buffalo, a congregation had dismissed Grabau because of certain injustices which he would not recognize and discontinue, but he had a small number on his side. That group that had dismissed him asked me for services, and called me to serve them every fourth week, which I did. Since Grabau had a small following there which legally had a right to the use of the church he also went every fourth week to Eden. However, since he had a trustee on his side, he had caused the church to be nailed up, and when he desired to conduct services, he went through the residence of the school-teacher, who was on Grabau's side, and since his residence was built onto the church. But that group which had dismissed him could not get into the church. We were forced to conduct our services in an English School-house. That happened only twice. For, when I came to Eden the third time the trustee with whom I stayed said to me: Tomorrow we will take our church by force. The judge has given us the advice that, if we can do nothing else, we should endeavor to get into our property forcibly. When I asked the man what he intended to do, he said, The congregation has been ordered to be at the church. Two of my boys are to try to get into the church through the windows, pull out the nails with which the door has been fastened, and, as soon as it is open, the congregation can enter at a signal. I became fearful when I heard this, but could offer no objection. The scheme worked. Grabau had also come to Eden on this Sunday. As I was in the pulpit he entered the church through the residence of the school-teacher with his following, and he sat down in the chair standing next to the altar and remained quiet until I was finished. As I stepped to him and asked him to vacate the chair, since it now belonged to me, he ran up into the pulpit, clad in a fur coat. Since I feared that he might start preaching, I began quickly to intone the hymn after the sermon, and then chanted the collect and benediction. As soon as we had finished the doxology, Grabau intoned from the pulpit the song, "A Mighty Fortress is our God." We could

not hinder this, nor did we desire to, and went home. I had announced a divine service for the afternoon. As we arrived at the church at the designated time, Grabau was still in the pulpit. We waited outside the door until the doxology had been sung, and before its conclusion entered the church because we feared that Grabau might have the church doors nailed up again. But what did Grabau do to prevent our beginning our worship? He had his group sing thirteen long hymns, until it became dark, and one could no longer read. There almost was an unfortunate scene as one of Grabau's group took the lights from the altar and the walls and someone restrained him. The trustee of Grabau's group said to me that I should not again come into the church, to which I answered: "I will not first ask you for permission." Another called me a robber, which person I warned not to use such words, or I would bring charges against him in court. To Grabau in the school-teacher's residence I cried out: "The axe has been laid to the roots; the tree that bringeth not forth good fruits shall be cast into the oven." We went home, and arrangements were made that the church was not again nailed up. The matter came into court, and there my congregation was granted the use of the church, but also Grabau and his group received permission to conduct services there. Grabau would not, so he said, hold services under the same roof with a rabble, and persuaded his little group to erect a small church at a different location. This group that had fallen away from Grabau soon called a pastor out of the Missouri Synod in the person of P. Ernst.

It was a terrible time for me and my family as cholera raged in Buffalo. I had to visit those who were sick with cholera and to aid in burying those who died of the disease, which of necessity filled my family with worry. God gave me courage and confidence through the 90th Psalm, and wonderful protection. On one occasion it was necessary for me to hold a person afflicted with cholera with my arm in order to administer the Lord's Supper to him.

Several miles out of Buffalo, in the town of West Seneca, a congregation gathered, consisting of Reformed and Lutherans, who asked me to preach from time to time in the English school house. I did this, but declared, after I had preached there several times, that I would administer holy communion according to the Lutheran Confessions, and could admit only those to the Holy Supper who confessed to this doctrine of the Lord's Supper as confessed in the Lutheran Church. So it soon came to a division. The Lutheran-minded ones united themselves under a constitution, prepared by me and accepted by them, as a Lutheran congregation, and were later incorporated as such, when a church lot and cemetery was to be bought and a church built. There existed much

disturbance, disagreement and enmity. I served this congregation out of Buffalo as a branch congregation. Without having sought it or having striven for it, a piece of land fell to me for a very low price, which was later to become my home and refuge, as my congregation in Buffalo succeeded in forcing me out of my office there. It became evident that it was God's work that this land became mine. He provided a place where I might abide, when none would ask where I and my family might find refuge when they would unmercifully drive me out of office and income [*Amt und Brod*]. Such easy terms were given me in the purchase of this land that I could figure being able to pay off the debt which I had assumed in the course of time.

I no longer had a hold in Buffalo. I considered it my duty to yield, to resign my office, since I recognized that my departure would contribute to the growth of the congregation, and many souls who, after all, could have no confidence in me, and had for years been filled with prejudices by Grabau, would be aided to the enjoyment of orderly congregational life. Well-meaning pastors also counselled me to that action. Evident punishment came to several of my bitterest enemies. One man, who had said he would like to hit me over the head with an axe, died of cholera with wife and child, similarly two others. I did not rejoice over this. To my joy, two asked my pardon for the injustice done.

As already stated, I had my house on the church lot out of love. When I had declared to the congregation my intention of resigning my office, I did not know what should be done with my house. When I inquired about this, it was said, I would have to have it moved. It had cost me \$200 to build the house. I had procured the church lot for the congregation, also with much trouble helped with the greater part of the cost, had gone about in the city and country to collect for it, had asked a large number of congregations by letter for contributions, I had permitted the congregation to conduct services and school in my house for a long time without demanding any rent for it, and had my residence there, so that they did not have to concern themselves about that, which was their duty. Without asking where my family and I might find shelter if I lost my office and income in Buffalo, they demanded of me that I have my house moved away, although it would have been only right that they pay me what it had cost. I offered it to an American, who wanted to give me only \$100 for it. When the congregation heard of that they offered to give me the same. Before that had happened, they had asked a carpenter who had worked for a time in the erection of the house, what it might be worth. This carpenter I had sent away from the building of my house because he had roughly treated his father who worked with him, and because his work did not satisfy me. He had

helped to build the house only to the half, and was not acquainted with the inner finishing. He was hostile to me also for the reason that his father-in-law was one of those who had helped to suspend me. It was this man whom the congregation asked what the house was worth, who answered that it was worth but \$100; he had helped build it. Since, then, the American was willing to give me but \$100, and the congregation was not willing to give more, I had to let it go at that ridiculous figure. When I had resigned my office, I knew of no better thing to do than to buy an old house, for which I paid \$100 which I had received from the congregation in Buffalo, have it moved to my land, and to move there with my family. My wife bore me six children in Buffalo; with the two children of my first marriage, that was eight children. With good courage I went with my wife and eight children into my new home, with the hope that God, who had helped hitherto, would continue to help. There now followed eight joyful and happy years.

N.B. It is not my wish that the matter narrated here be made public. I have forgiven it. I do not desire revenge. Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord. The service that I rendered in the building of the church and with my house, I do not regret, despite the ingratitude that I experienced therefor. I did it in faith and love. Then, too, the sin was not committed by the congregation, but by several opponents, hostile to me, who had joined the congregation and had assumed leadership. I relate this here merely as a sorrowful experience in my life for my descendants.

Eight Years in West Seneca.

One important event followed the other in Buffalo after my departure. Pastor Franke was called. The congregation grew through the addition of those who had not wanted to join as long as I was there. Franke remained in office only one year. He became ill. Diehlmann, a gifted man, followed him; under him the congregation grew still more in numbers. He, too, was pastor there but a short time. Pinkepank followed him; he died after a short time. After him came Dulitz, who served the congregation for several years, but was finally also driven out. Ruhland followed; during his time great changes took place, specifically as the result of a colloquium held between Professor Walther and several pastors who had fallen away from Grabau. A large part of the congregation of Grabau and of congregations in neighboring Johannesburg, Wolcottsville, and Wolkersburg [?], which had belonged to the Buffalo Synod, separated from the Buffalo Synod and joined the Missouri Synod. That part of the congregation which had fallen away from Grabau in Buffalo united with my former, now Ruhland's, congregation, and built a large church on Michigan Street, in part with the money realized in

the sale of the church built on William Street during my time, in part with contributions from the members, and also retained the name, "First Evangelical Lutheran Trinity Congregation", under which the church on William Street had been incorporated. Pastor Ruhland, who had been called from the Free Church in Saxony, was followed by Pastor Gross; when Pastor Gross had been called to Fort Wayne, Pastor Senne was called. To narrate the great movements and events of that time does not belong here in a biography. This will be found recorded in detail in Pastor Hochstaetter's history of the Missouri Synod and in other writings. I would like merely to mention here once more what important consequences the establishment of the office of the Holy Ministry in the Silesian congregation had. God permitted that little branch which He had planted to grow into a large tree.

While I was still in Buffalo, a congregation in Bergholz, near Buffalo, which had fallen away from the Buffalo Synod and from Pastor v. Rohr, consisting of about 20 families, had called me as their pastor, and I had served them for several years every four weeks with the Word of God and the Holy Sacraments. This congregation, too, was maligned and slandered from the pulpit as a rabble, and curses and maledictions were also hurled at me here. I always went gladly to Bergholz, for a very friendly and lovely relationship existed there between me and the little congregation. Since the title "rabble and sects" [*Rotten und Sekten*] was the usual designation with which v. Rohr and his followers honored us, a man of my congregation once asked a simple and sincere Lutheran who had but recently emigrated and who had often heard this designation, "rabble and sects", whether he knew what these words meant; he answered: "What rats are [possibly a play upon words in German: '*Rotten*' and '*Ratten*'] I know; they are vermin that cause much damage in barns and houses; but what sects are I do not know."

When I had moved to West Seneca, I served the congregation in Bergholz for a time, but later turned it over to Pastor Dulitz, for the distance from West Seneca to Bergholz was too great. In West Seneca a church was built soon after my arrival. Although I could draw but a meager salary there, the land that I had purchased helped toward our support, and also the fruits of the field, when we could cultivate sufficiently; indeed, also through sale of wood we could, in the course of time, pay off something on the debt that rested on the land. My two oldest sons, growing up, and my thrifty, domestic wife were a great help to me. We lived in friendship and peace with our next neighbors, who, persuaded by the Word of God, has left the reformed church and were received into our congregation. Through the kindness of a wealthy farmer of my congregation in Bergholz I even obtained two horses at a very

low price. My eldest son, who was devoted to farm life, soon learned what was necessary to work the land with great skill. The quiet and peace in my congregation, the quiet life on the farm in healthy atmosphere and in a pleasant region, made those years which I spent there the most beautiful time of my life, even though it did not pass without domestic cross and strain.

Great sorrow was brought to me by the death of my second son of my first marriage. He died in West Seneca of typhoid fever at the age of 16 years; also the death of a lovely little maiden, in her sixth year. She died of quinsy; and of a child, Benjamin, 14 days after birth.

I sought to deter my young people from the public dances, which drew to me the bitter enmity of the young people outside my congregation. Since I also had to bear testimony against the papacy, against reformed false doctrine, and the sect of spiritists [*Inspirierte*] which lived near by, also these people, who loved the lie better than the truth, became my enemies. One of my neighbors, who belonged to my congregation, had an ungodly son who embittered the life of his step-mother, and even threatened to split the head of his father with an axe when the latter wanted to deter him. As their pastor I was compelled to act in this family quarrel, and exercise church discipline with regard to this ungodly son. Without doubt it was this rascal and probably a catholic fellow, whose marriage to a young lady of my congregation I would gladly have prevented, who both made attempts at my life. On a certain Sunday morning I found attached to the church door, which I wanted to unlock, a letter addressed to me, which read thus: "I am sorry that I must with my weary hand take up the pen to write to so miserable a dog as you are. The lot has fallen to me; if I cannot shoot you down on the road, I shall shoot you down in your house. I am sorry for your wife and children, etc." From then on I had to go about armed. Soon thereafter both came to a terrible end. The catholic lad soon died of a hemorrhage, and the girl he married threw herself into a well. A child of the other drowned in a waterhole in the cellar; he himself was cheated out of all his money by a Jew, who swindled him into buying some land in Iowa, and he finally lost the land also. He became insane, and may still be in an asylum as incurably insane.

In West Seneca my wife bore three more children. My eldest son of the first marriage permitted himself to be persuaded by President Wyneken to go to the college at St. Louis to study. Since he had already attained his majority, it was not easily possible for him to go through the "Gymnasium" and learn the ancient languages, but there was still time for him to be educated as a capable school man in the teachers' seminary. He had been at the teachers' seminary but two years when

he received a call from my congregation in West Seneca. He passed his examination and became teacher in my congregation.

Through his departure for college and his subsequent call into the teaching profession I was forced to have my land worked by a servant, and to rent it out, when I received a call from the congregation in Washington and accepted it.

My children, which were born to my first wife in Germany and in Missouri, and the children from my second wife, born in Buffalo and West Seneca, are the following: Of the first marriage:

1. *Paul Theodore*, born in Lunzenau, Kingdom of Saxony, September 7, 1835; he studied in the teachers' seminary in St. Louis and Ft. Wayne, became teacher in West Seneca, Wolcottsville, Buffalo, Washington, and again in Buffalo. He was married to Pauline Huhn, who bore to my son a number of children, of whom six are still living: Theodore, married to Francisca Boettcher (they already have a son, also named Theodore, who is now, in March 1889, 1½ years old); also Paul, Otto, Maurice, Constance, Martin.

2. *Fides Constantia*, born in Lunzenau in the year 1836; she died three weeks after birth.

3. *Martin*, born in the year 1838 in Lunzenau, died in West Seneca of typhoid fever, at the age of 16 years.

4. A daughter, stillborn in Perry County in the year 1840.

Of the second marriage:

1. A son, stillborn in Buffalo, in 184....

2. *Clara*, born in Buffalo in the year 184...., married to Carl Wolfram, postmaster in Hart, Winona Co., Minn. She has 11 children living, whose eldest son is a Lutheran minister, and married, the eldest daughter also married, to the farmer Herman Luedke. The other children are Edward, Carl, Ernst, Emma, Clara, Benjamin, Alma and Sarah; they are at home, and working, in part.

3. *Martha*, born in Buffalo, in the year 18....; married, when I was with her in Washington, to Pastor Koch, now pastor in Bergholz. She has four children: Edward, Emilia, Pauline, and Clara.

4. *Johanna*, born in Buffalo in the year 18...., married to Pastor Weisel, died following several illnesses in, in the year, leaving three children: Agnes, Immanuel and Tabea.

5. *Maria Magdalena*, born in Buffalo in 18....; she married Pastor Ernst Richter who is now pastor in Washington, state of Missouri. They have four children: Theodore, William, Emma and Clara.

6. *Ernst*, born in Buffalo in the year 18.... He died as a student, of consumption, in Washington, and lies buried there.

7. *Dorothea*, born in West Seneca, 18.... She died in Town Hart, Winona Co., Minn., of consumption and in consequence of a severe cold which she had caught in Chicago while doing washing and hanging up the wash in the yard.

8. *Benjamin*, born in West Seneca, 18....; he died only a few weeks after birth.

9. *Sarah*, born in West Seneca, 18....; she died in the sixth year of her life, in West Seneca.

10. *Martin*, born in West Seneca, 18....; having studied in St. Louis, he is now pastor in Wausau, Wis., is married to Bertha nee Boettcher; they have three sons and a daughter.

1. *Sarah*, No. 2. Born in West Seneca, 18....; died in Washington in 18....

With eight children I travelled to Washington, D. C., in the year 1858, unwillingly departing from my lovely country calm in West Seneca.

Eleven Years in Washington.

With my wife and eight children [the manuscript reads "seven", contradicting the above, which appears in the manuscript on a previous page; but examination of births and deaths establishes eight as correct. —E.J.B.] I went to Washington, D. C., in the year 1858 shortly before the outbreak of the Civil War. Soon after arrival in this city I became aware that I had placed my foot upon a thorny path. It soon became apparent to me that mammon-service, pride and voluptuousness prevailed in high degree. In the course of the Civil War the city became the center of terrible immorality, and since during this time much money was made in business, the service of mammon became much greater. Small wonder that my congregation, too, became contaminated and poisoned therewith. I soon saw the danger for a preacher to deny, to remain silent, when he should warn and rebuke and on that account suffer enmity and hatred, or to be carried along in the current and lose his soul's salvation.

I feared that I might not be equal to the dangers and tasks that awaited me. Fearfully I tossed to and fro upon my bed, and would rather have run away from it, if I could have done so with good conscience. Previously accustomed to move about in the free and beautiful nature, I felt hemmed in between the houses, and had to listen to the ceaseless din of wagons on the streets. I felt like a prisoner in a cell. What profit! I must pitch in, and I committed myself to the grace and guidance of God. I purposed to work according to best knowledge and conscience with those gifts God had given me, and to proclaim repentance to God and faith in Christ Jesus, and to point the way of salvation,

as I had hitherto done. I purposed to study diligently, to make careful sermon preparations, and to guard purity of doctrine. The congregation dealt with me in much love, and frequently rich gifts were bestowed upon me. My income was large enough, so that I had something left with which to pay off on my debts, to let one son study (for the ministry) and to outfit three daughters for marriage in the course of time.

Nevertheless enmity and controversy, disputes and various troubles did not remain absent. Enmity first developed as I began, by and by, to testify against mammon-service, and especially against usury. A rich man who took offense at this was so filled with enmity against me that he would not greet me on the street. To his credit I must say that he changed his mind, inasmuch as he came to me and told me he would not gather signatures for a writing that had been sent to him from Baltimore, which requested that all who were against the teaching on usury held by the Missouri Synod should sign their names. He did not permit the writing to be circulated, and prevented anyone in my congregation from signing it.

A rich man who was a drunkard was accused in court by his wife because of his threat to shoot her. Since he conducted himself rudely and indecently before the judge, the judge had him locked up. In an entirely unjust manner and slanderously I was accused by his many and rich relatives of being the cause that the judge had jailed him. Because of this these relatives became bitter toward me, and this hostility remained until I left Washington, no matter how much I defended myself and declared my innocence.

A violent dispute arose about school attendance, which several members demanded. For many parents were not satisfied with the teacher and his accomplishments, and sent their children to another school. In good conscience I could not agree that a member must be forced to send his children to the parochial school. I could not agree to compulsory school attendance. I had to set forth the principle: Parents are obligated before God to rear and educate their children in the best way possible. If they cannot themselves do this adequately, and they do not find good education given in the parochial school, then one cannot prevent them from seeking it elsewhere; however, they must demonstrate to the congregation that their children are being educated in the pure doctrine and are not being misled by false doctrine. A member of the congregation was so agitated over my viewpoint on compulsory school attendance that he asked me to a supper, and at this supper placed the school teacher opposite me, surrounded by bouquets of flowers. A lady, hostile toward me, who sat next to me, told me: Today is the school-teacher's birthday. Naturally I was silent over this act of spite [*Malier*] and congratulated

the teacher. For so large a school as existed in Washington this teacher accomplished too little; he had previously been a linen-weaver and musician, and hadn't had the advantage of seminary education.

In the congregation there had heretofore been insufficient announcement for Communion. I had let this continue for a long time, but naturally desired something better, as it was customary in the Missouri Synod. Announcements had been in this manner: on Friday evening before the celebration of Holy Communion there was a devotion in the school room, after which each one gave his name, indicating whether he wished to avail himself of private or general confession. If I then had something that I wished to discuss with an individual, I could not do this, without someone hearing what I discussed, or it was necessary for me to ask such a one to remain after the devotional exercise, which again offered difficulties, if there were several with whom I wished to speak privately. I asked for private announcements at my house. That was beneath the dignity of several proud, would-be prominent souls, and an evil imputation, to come into the house of the poor preacher, there to allow himself to be examined and admonished. I asked the faculty for an opinion, and declared in my petition that I could not possibly regard private announcements as a matter of indifference. In the main, the faculty expressed itself in my favor. Soon thereafter I received the call to Minnesota, and had nothing more to do with the matter. I am informed that the desired private announcement was later introduced. A neighboring pastor, who was not in sympathy with me, knew how to work himself into the favor of those members averse to me through smooth talk, and was pleased when counsel and action were asked of him. I could certainly fear that, in the complaints that were expressed against me, he gave the opinion that it were better if I left Washington, and another took over the congregation. I once expressed openly that I was suspicious of him, and his answer to this made my suspicion the stronger. What had I done to this man, that he was against me, and made matters in my congregation his concern? I had shown him many a kindness, and done much to the advantage of his congregation. However, I had to take a decided stand against him in a conference on the subject of usury.

In addition to this cross in the congregation there came also a heavy domestic cross, and many a danger which the war occasioned. During the war a regiment of Sheridan's Army one night encamped in our street. They lay down in the street thirsty and tired. Soon several came to our door and asked for water, which I gave them. Soon a hundred others demanded water, so that for hours I dragged buckets of water. Insolent ones among them finally pushed into the room where my daughters were.

When I tried to prevent this, they became angry, and one wild fellow would have laid violent hands on me, if three other soldiers, to whom I had given warm coffee for which they had asked, had not stood by and helped me close the door, so that no one could any longer get in.

On another occasion a soldier stepped to the open window at which my wife sat, and asked her for a match. This she gave him. Thereupon he demanded of her that she light his pipe for him with it. As she refused this, he drew a knife from his pocket, and would have stabbed her, had not a comrade, who stood alongside, prevented him.

On still another occasion a soldier entered the school room just as I was teaching school, and sat down among the girls, who were afraid of him. I asked him to leave, and since he did not go, I went to the door to call the guard. He would assuredly have done me injury, had it not been for the fact that fortunately a man was outside the door, because of whom he was afraid to do any evil.

If God had not protected the city, the rebels would have broken in and destroyed and devastated it, and how badly it could have gone with us then! I believed it advisable to remove my family from Washington, and sent them to West Seneca until the greatest danger was past. It was a heavy cross that two children died in Washington, a lovable daughter of four years, and a son who would soon have completed his studies in St. Louis. He died after a long siege on a bed of pain, of consumption. My congregation was so kind that it paid all funeral expenses, and also authorized the placing of a grave stone.

Twice I had received the call from my former congregation in West Seneca to again take over the ministry there, but for conscience sake I rejected this. But now, as I was growing older and conditions in the congregation were as they were, I regarded it as advisable to accept the call that was sent to me from Minnesota. I hoped to have lighter work in Minnesota than in Washington. I would still mention here that my most joyful hours were when I could visit my old friend Keyl, located in Baltimore, and the conferences, most frequently held there.

Ten Years in St. John's Congregation in the Town of Hart, Winona Co., Minn.

This congregation consisted primarily of Pommeranians, Mecklenburgers, and Holsteiners, who were and wished to remain Lutherans, though in Germany they had belonged to the Union Church. It had already been served for a number of years by Lutheran pastors. My task here too was to proclaim in its simplicity the counsel of God for salvation through Christ, and to call men to repentance and faith in Christ. As everywhere, so here, too, mammon was the idol whom men

tried to serve more than the living God. For a considerable time there was quiet and undisturbed peace. I knew full well that Satan cannot tolerate it when things remain at peace, and his attacks ultimately broke upon me. He agitated the first storm when I, in the course of time, endeavored to persuade the congregation to join the Missouri Synod, without seeking to push the matter. Nor did I find any opposition, except from a single rich usurer who had previously also been pastor in a congregation for a time. His opposition was not considered, however, because no one in the congregation was a friend of his. He was unfavorably inclined toward the Missouri Synod because of its teaching regarding the lending for interest, or usury. He seemed also to fear that the congregation would be burdened with many contributions to Synod, and many demands would be made on him as a rich man. Despite his opposition the congregation resolved to join. This drove him into a great rage. A written protest which he got his sons to sign, and to which he also persuaded three relatives, who later, however, soon withdrew again and voted for joining nevertheless, remained unconsidered. Soon after this he died, when he broke through a bridge with a wagon load of wheat, in which accident he suffered internal injuries from the wheat-sacks, which caused his death. His sons remained my opponents.

It now pleased God to permit a heavy cross of long duration to come upon me. My 20-year old daughter, Dorothy, a pious, modest and beautiful young lady, had contracted a severe cold as a consequence of laundering and hanging out the wash in a cold, ice- and snow-covered yard in Chicago, where she was helping a married sister. She came home sick, her illness went into consumption, and she died after long suffering. Eight weeks before her death I received news that my daughter Johanna, who had married Pastor Weisel, had died. These two blows had an adverse effect on the health of my wife. She, too, was confined to a sick-bed for a longer period of time, and died. Thus, in a short period of time, I had lost a son who would soon have completed his studies (for the ministry), two daughters, and my faithful spouse. Bent and sorrowful in loneliness I was now alone in my parsonage without human aid. It was a heavy yet salutary time of testing. Though on the one hand I had lost much, yet on the other hand God permitted me to profit as far as my soul was concerned.

His Word became ever sweeter and more precious to me. The world, this earth became more desolate and empty, and God, Christ, eternal life ever more my highest good. Prayer became more fervent, for, when tribulation is there, one seeks after Thee, and when Thou chastisest them, they call anxiously. Sin became ever more sinful to me, the greatness of the jealousy and the wrath of God over sin ever clearer and more

unendurable, but also the mightier grace ever sweeter and more tasty. It avails nothing, God cannot deal otherwise with us than that we must through much tribulation enter into the Kingdom of God. With constant laughter, lust of the world, striving after earthly things, covetousness and high living it is not attained. O poor, blind world, that desirest only good days, and seekest only after that which is of this earth!

I could not remain thus alone. My son Martin could no longer remain in the college at Watertown; I called him, and we took care of the household affairs as well as we could. I instructed him further in the languages, and sought to get him to that point that he could be accepted at the Seminary in St. Louis. He would, of course, have received better preparation in a "*Gymnasium*", but I was forced to keep him with me, and do for him what I could. I could also well use him in the parochial school, since I had no school teacher. Thereby he learned much that stood him in good stead in later years.

When the time came that he could be received at the Seminary in St. Louis, I was again alone. I decided, therefore, to take into my home my daughter Clara, with her husband and children, who lived in Chicago, and could get away from there. They accepted my proposition, and came to me. But this tie soon had to be severed again. It was at about this time that I prepared and published my brochure on "Lending at Interest, or, Have Scruples about Lending for Interest; for that is Usury."

After the death of my wife I had given no thought to remarriage, but now necessity compelled me to think of it. Where could a suitable wife be found for me? I was now 68 years old. God knew a way. I had a living sister in Germany. Without my having written her a word that I might marry again, she wrote to me that I should not remain alone, but remarry, and advised me of a person whom I had learned to know well in my youth, because she often visited my sister while I was assistant pastor to my father. Of this person my sister wrote that she was still unmarried, led a virtuous life in Dresden, where she was engaged in teaching music, and was held in high esteem. Since she had, as I knew, been favorably inclined toward me when I was still in Germany, and certainly still held this attitude in friendly remembrance, I surely would not ask amiss if I sought her hand. This information surprised me greatly, as I had hardly supposed this person was still living. Almost immediately the decision ripened in my heart to ask for her hand, the more so because I knew her well, had often gone about with her, and there had been a mutual inclination toward each other, though we had not acknowledged it toward one another. Yet I deemed it advisable to go to St. Louis, there first to seek counsel of my friend Walther. He removed all my doubts and advised the marriage. Now I confidently

sought the hand of Sarophine, born Schwabhaeuser, and I did not receive a negative answer. How gloriously God helped me through this marriage I richly experienced in the union of fourteen years. At the time that my fiancée arrived in New York I was delayed in Philadelphia because of an operation on my cheek that I had to undergo. But she was hospitably received by the emigrant missionary, Pastor Keyl, my beloved sponsor. When finally I was able to travel to New York, our joy at seeing each other again after a 40-year separation was very great, even though our outward appearance had changed much in that time. We were united in marriage on Staten Island by Pastor Keyl, and then traveled up the beautiful Hudson River to Albany, then to Niagara Falls, through Canada and across the State of Michigan to Grand Rapids, where my daughter Martha, married to Pastor Koch, lived; we remained there a week and then crossed Lake Michigan to Milwaukee, then by way of La Cross to Rushford, Minn., from which it was but seven miles ride to our home. That was indeed a long, unaccustomed stretch overland for my new spouse after her ocean voyage. Then began an exceedingly happy married life of 14 years, that ended but recently, namely in the month of June, 1888, to my great sorrow, through the death of my spouse.

Satan knew how to embitter our marital happiness, and to incite new quarrels and unrest in the congregation. Differences developed regarding certain doctrines, as regarding marriage of in-laws, regarding observance of the Sabbath, regarding inspiration of Holy Scriptures, and the difference between canonical and apocryphal books, and regarding the question I used in the confessional service: Do you (singular or plural) believe that my absolution or forgiveness is God's forgiveness or absolution? Proud and presumptuous carping critics, arrogant and spiritually proud fanatics sought thereby to show off their wisdom, and were full of rage and malice when they drew the shorter end in opposition and visitation. For the most part, then, their anger fell upon me. Slander and entirely false accusation were also circulated concerning me, such as: I was a liar and deceiver, and had once cursed my children. Another occasion for an unpleasant incident was the erection of a saloon by a member of the congregation, against whom I took a stand until I could persuade the congregation to pass a resolution not to tolerate such a saloon as long as we could prevent it. Efforts were made to undermine the confidence toward me in the congregation as much as possible. One very bitter opponent of mine called me a devil and a swine-herd. Another, in a public meeting, called me a maddened [?, *vertollter*] fellow.

The golden jubilee of my ministry came into the midst of these disputes. I wanted to let it pass very quietly. I had, indeed, told a pastor-friend some months before that I would soon observe my golden anniversary; I did not, however, tell him the exact date. Hence only the year could be known. This friend then made inquiries, and addressed himself to an elder in my congregation. This man then sought to learn the date from my wife, who knew it. She could not bring it over her heart to tell him the date. The pastoral conference sent notice to me how the day was to be observed. Since the day was, then, known, it even became necessary for me to write, in the name of the elder, to the two pastors who had been appointed by the conference as representatives, to tell them certain things in order to avoid wrong arrangements, which was then so interpreted by a slanderer who had unfriendly tendencies toward me, as though I were seeking to instigate the celebration. It was this same man who later helped work to that end that I finally had to leave the congregation, and even sought to persuade the president and the visitor that they declare it as their opinion that it were better if I resigned. May God forgive him this evil conduct.

The manner and nature of the celebration surprised and gladdened me on the one hand, but at the same time it humbled me. It was really more a day of penitence for me. The congregation gave me many manifestations of their love in connection therewith. It presented me with a new clerical robe, a cowl of silk and adorned my chest with a white bouquet. The congregation had invited the neighboring congregation at Brewster [?] together with its choir, which was represented in large numbers; in the homes food for the guests had been provided. The church was filled with people, and a large flag had been placed on the tower. A good meal had also been prepared at my house for the pastors and a number of guests, as much as space permitted. Edifying addresses were delivered by the two pastors, Rolfs and Volkrat, delegated thereto by the conference. I could not do otherwise than express my sentiments and my gratitude from the altar. Also a pastor from the Norwegian Synod, as well as a neighboring pastor from the Buffalo Synod were present. The choir rendered several well-sung hymns, first in front of my house, before the service, and then in the church. I had to strive to hide the inner urge and shame of my heart,, and to conduct myself as sociably as possible. The day was then passed in my house with piano playing by my experienced wife, singing with piano accompaniment, and genial conversation. This participation led me to the conclusion that conditions within my congregation were not hopelessly bad, despite the ranting of several of my opponents.

A few months after this my jubilee, upon the occasion of a visitation held then, circumstances were such that I considered it best to resign my office, especially since I had already attained to quite an advanced age, and mental and physical powers were ever diminishing. I made this declaration at said visitation, inasmuch as I recognized that nothing could be gained at this visitation. In short, I resigned.

My Home at Rushford, Minn., From the Year 1879 on.

Several years before my resignation I had purchased some property in Rushford, a piece of land with a small house. It was romantically situated. To this place I moved with my wife. There I could still labor to a limited degree in the ministry, inasmuch as I went from Rushford to two vacant congregations about 40 miles from Rushford every four weeks. Because of increasing debility I could continue in this but two years. They then obtained their own pastors. At this time the doctrinal controversy about the election of grace raged in great fervor. There I wrote a doctrinal poem on this subject. Later I wrote my "Catechismal Devotions" in Rushford. I worked my piece of land which, since my salary had terminated, had to serve for support. I also gave instructions in the German language to a number of young people, including men. Especially helpful for our support was the fact that my wife was a skilled artist at piano teaching, which, during the entire time we were in Rushford, brought her a large number of pupils, whereby a large part of our needs were supplied. Old friends from my former congregation also supported us bountifully with provisions. The merciful God saw to it that we lacked nothing. In a fortunate, peaceful union, in beautiful nature, in the midst of a quiet and peaceful people in that small town, those years which we spent there became the finest years of my life, and I had to guard against this, that my heart might cling too much to it in idolatrous fashion, that I cling more to the earth than to heaven.

After we had lived several years in Rushford, my son Paul urged us that we should move to Buffalo, and we finally yielded, unwilling though I was to leave charming Rushford. My son Paul and his wife, with their growing and grown children, received us in the most friendly manner, and gave us whatever we needed. Without worry for our living we could abide there. But soon my wife became deathly sick. God heard my prayer for her life, and helped her to recover. The climate in Buffalo did not suit me; I missed the pure, healthy Minnesota air. Then too, the life in a bustling city oppressed me, since I had through so many years become accustomed to the quiet country life. Everywhere it was too close for me between the tall houses. I missed the activity in the open, and my work in the garden, at which I always felt so well. In short,

despite all the love and the many kindnesses which we enjoyed with our children, I experienced true homesickness. Finally I had to ask them to permit me to return to Rushford, to which they agreed, since they recognized that I could not be satisfied otherwise. My beloved wife would rather have stayed, but she did not wish to oppose my desires, and perhaps also returned willingly to Rushford, which she loved, and where she could continue to make herself useful and to earn something with her instructions in music.

Under God's protection we reached the goal of our travel, and I rejoiced when I again beheld the hills about Rushford. Here we again found occupation, the same students for music and the German language, the same support from friends as before.

This trip to Buffalo had given us this great benefit that on the way we had visited our children in St. Louis, Pastor Richter and his wife, my daughter, and their children, and my wife had gotten to know them. So also my son Martin, pastor in Wausau, Wis., and his wife and children, and Pastor Koch, who had my daughter Martha as wife, and their children; we could see them all again, and they were dear to my wife, who eagerly desired to know all my children.

Quietly and peacefully two more years passed in Rushford. But not only did the advancing years make themselves felt more and more, but certain symptoms manifested themselves, especially in my wife, that caused me to fear impending illness. An ailment of the stomach and heart developed, which became worse from month to month. Soon she could take food only with difficulty, and could finally partake only of fluids. She passed her time sitting in a chair, since she could not endure lying down. Her strength ebbed markedly. She bore her suffering with great patience, and only rarely did a complaint pass her lips, and twice the question: Will I not die soon? God's Word was her consolation; and Holy Communion, which was given her, refreshed her. The blood of Christ and His righteousness was her greatest comfort, and one of her last declarations was:: The only thing upon which I build my hope of salvation is Christ's blood, suffering and death. On the evening of June 19 she tried to raise herself up once more, suddenly, but soon fell back dead in my and my daughter's arms; my daughter had helped nurse her during the last days.

Three days after her death she was buried. 25 coaches of sympathizers, and a large number afoot followed her casket. The neighboring Pastor Rupprecht delivered an address at the grave, following a funeral hymn. I had a marble stone placed at her grave, upon which, under her name, were the words: Christ is my life, and death my gain.

The large number attending her funeral indicates the high esteem in which she was held.

I am not ashamed of the thousand tears I shed for her. Abraham, strong in faith, was not ashamed of the great sorrow he experienced at the death of his Sarah. My grief was so great that in the end I feared I might go too far, since we certainly are not to weep as those which have no hope. I gave vent to my sorrow through a song which I composed, and which I also set to music. An artist with great musical talent, a niece of my wife, living in Dresden, added a musical composition to my song. A number of compositions of my dear wife still remain in my hands, unpublished. Since she, while still in Dresden, had had several of her compositions printed, which found considerable acclaim, I should like to have these published also.

[There follows then this poem, best given in the original:]

Am Grabe Sarophines

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1) <i>Sie ruhet nun im Grabe
Die's treu mit mir gemeint,
Wie manche Traene habe
Ich schon um sie geweint.</i> | 7) <i>Es stehet ja dir offen
Bereits die Himmelstuer,
Du darfst ja froehlich hoffen
Dass du bißt bald bei ihr.</i> |
| 2) <i>Wie ist mir doch so wehe
In meiner Einsamkeit,
Wo ich nun geh' und stehe,
Zehrt an mir Gram und Leid.</i> | 8) <i>Nicht nur mit ihr vereinet,
Vereinet auch mit Gott,
Da wird nicht mehr geweinet,
Da gibt es keinen Tod.</i> |
| 3) <i>Mit Glauben im Gemuete,
Mit Gottes saenft'gem Sinn
Gab sie in Lieb und Guete
Zum Wohltun gern' sich hin.</i> | 9) <i>Ja auch die Lieben alle
Wirst du da wieder sehn,
Die aus dem Jammertale
Voraus dir mussten gehn.</i> |
| 4) <i>Sie war so sanft und milde,
So freundlich war ihr Blick,
Sprach ich mir ihr, so fuehlte
Ich wahres Eheglueck.</i> | 10) <i>War Christus hier ihr Leben,
Und Sterben ihr Gewinn,
So lass' auch, Gott-ergeben,
Trost in dein Herz und Sinn.</i> |
| 5) <i>Mit manchen edlen Gaben
War sie von Gott geschmueckt;
Wie manche Stunde habe
Ich mich daran erquickt.</i> | 11) <i>Im Himmel ist gut Wohnen,
Da sehn' ich mich hinein,
Da wird Gott Treue lohnen,
Da wird erst Ruhe sein.</i> |
| 6) <i>Drum lass nun fliessen Zaehren,
Sie tun dir wohl, mein Herz!
Doch soll auch Hoffnung
wehren
Den allzu grossen Schmerz.</i> | 12) <i>Fort, fort, mein Herz, zum
Himmel,
Fort, fort, dem Heiland zu!
In diesem Weltgetuemmel
Ist weder Rast noch Ruh'!</i> |

I was now like a bird on the roof [?] which complains that the hunter has shot his mate. I felt a woe and lonesomeness as I had already experienced twice previously, at the death of my first two wives. Yet I was satisfied in that my wife died before I did. The lot of widows is no enviable one, especially if they have been step-mothers. Not that I would *have had to fear that my children would have forsaken her*; but I would have had to fear that she would have felt herself forsaken and unfortunate, in the thought that she must live in a strange land, among people who were not near to her in ties of blood. The only one to whom she was firmly bound, and upon whom she could confidently lean was I, and when that one would have been taken from her in death, she would have never again felt at ease among people.

Since I was now without a housewife, so I was also forsaken in the matter of care of the house. But a friendly, obliging neighbor, a doctor, cared for me out of his kitchen, and I determined to remain in Rushford unto my end. I wanted to be buried at the side of my faithful wife, as I had promised her long before her death. I had already caused my inscription to be engraved upon her grave-stone. My children urged me to come to Buffalo. This proposal I rejected flatly, and protested against it in all my letters. Nevertheless winter was coming on, which made me somewhat afraid. My reason told me that I could not remain here in loneliness through the winter. I had to yield to my children. Toward the end of October, 1888, my son Paul came for me and again took me into his family circle. With a woebegone feeling I entered into the same room chamber, but now alone, where I had lived with my sainted wife for 10 months four years before. The wounds still bled, and were not yet healed, which her death had inflicted, and they still bleed today, as often as I think of those happy years which I spent with her in Rushford.

Just before Christmas of that year, 1888, I became very sick. I had taken a severe cold, and was nigh unto death. The devil tortured me in this illness with severe temptations, especially with fear of death. I searched tirelessly for comfort in God's Word, and sighed and prayed much in the sleepless nights, because I was incessantly plagued with coughing. The merciful God did not permit me to sink entirely, though he let me go down into the depths. Through His consolations He aided me to overcome those afflictions and also the fear of death. Deep in my heart the Holy Spirit had engraved two of the most beautiful hymn-verses, which I still keep before my soul daily. They are by Paul Gerhardt, and are as follows: (Lutheran Hymnal, 192, Vv. 6-7)

Now I will cling forever
 To Christ, my Savior true;
 My Lord will leave me never,
 Whate'er He passeth through.
 He rends Death's iron chain,
 He breaks through sin and pain,
 He shatters hell's dark thrall, —
 I follow Him through all.

To halls of heavenly splendor
 With Him I penetrate;
 And trouble ne'er may hinder
 Nor make me hesitate.
 Let tempests rage at will,
 My Savior shields me still;
 He grants abiding peace
 And bids all tumult cease.

The Lord helped me to rise again from my sickbed, so that I could go into the house of God, and there partake of Holy Communion. How gladly I would have died soon after the death of my precious spouse, but it was necessary that I be purified and humbled still more by cross and affliction. To me still belonged the salutary rod and the lot of all those whom God desires to save, namely that we must through much tribulation enter into the Kingdom of God. I have learned to exercise more patience, and better humble myself under the mighty hand of God. All the experiences of the past nine months have been a salutary school for me. For that may God be praised and glorified. AMEN.

It is to be remembered that I have written this autobiography in the 84th year of my life, and I should not be judged too harshly if here and there my literary style, my manner of presentation did not turn out as it should have been. None shall, however, be able to say of me that I have, with knowledge and determination, written a falsehood, nor that I have spared myself. I have gone at it conscientiously. I have not sought to give myself extravagant praise; I have sought throughout to glorify God's gracious guidance, help and work in me and through me. My children have asked me why my name appears so seldom in the annals of the Missouri Synod, since I did belong to those pastors who emigrated with Stephan. To this I answer: I am little concerned, or not at all, that my name be mentioned honorably among men, if I know that my name is written in heaven, and entered in the Book of Life. If there really have been works in God accomplished by me, which God alone knows, and God has worked through me, then that is enough for me, though they be not known and recognized by men, yea, be despised as evil works. In the end it is God to whom we should every Sunday, and every day, sing: "All Glory be to God on High!" By nature we are nothing but poor sinners, and stones, and stumps, which cannot stir or move in spiritual matters, unless God stir and move them. That the writers of the history of the Missouri Synod mention my name so little may also have been done out of consideration to me; [there follow some lines, later crossed out, reading thus:] and perhaps did not wish to reveal my transgressions and aberrations. They could also perhaps readily have

done me wrong, if they had not first sought information from me. In the disputes of that time I was too severely judged, yea, also slandered. No one, for example, believed that I openly declared my doubts and misgivings, in order thereby to press onward to the light, and to dissolve the doubts. And yet it was so. This was interpreted against me as malicious agitation. I desired to strive for a thorough reformation, so that we might stand upon firm ground, on God's Word, and that our conscience might willingly be satisfied. God be praised! Walther was the man who permitted himself to be driven to that goal, and himself strove toward it, and was gifted of God to dissolve those doubts. I was not the man who could have accomplished it. That the misgivings and doubts were expressed therefore did have something good as a consequence, even though they came from darkened and corrupted hearts. You, my children, will find in this biography the answer to the question why my name is so seldom named in the history of the Missouri Synod. [Thus ends the part crossed out.] Finally, every name, whether good or bad, must come into the light of the sun, if not here upon earth, then some day before the judgment throne of God. By nature we have an evil name; there is none that is righteous, no, not one. None should exalt himself even above adulterers; we are all like unto one another, we are all sinners, as the Holy Spirit says of all. But one name is holy and good, the name of Jesus, who covers our ugly, evil name with his holy name, works faith in us through His Holy Spirit, whereby we are all justified solely by grace, and may bear the name, children of God, the elect, holy and beloved of God.

If there have been men whom God equipped with great gifts, and if they used these gifts to the glory of God, and in love and to the service of others, if they were faithful in the tasks committed to them, then we may praise them as faithful stewards, faithful servants, as God also calls them, and as Moses was, and many others, yet these men are also faithful to God in this, that they say: Not unto us, O Lord, but unto Thy name be honor and praise, and we, too, should honor them as such whom the Lord made faithful and gifted. For, what has man that he has not received from God, and if he has received it, how dare he boast, how dare we praise him, as though he had not received it, but has it of himself and through himself, as Nebuchadnezzar sinned in pride, and the people, Acts 12, 22, that cried out to Herod: "It is the voice of a god, and not of a man.

While I now dedicate this biography to my children, children's children and descendants, I desire still to express my fears, warnings and hopes:

1) I fear, namely, that the time will come, and that the time is not far distant, when there will be among my descendants those who will not read and understand this my biography, because they no longer understand German.

2) I fear that in the course of time they will speak and understand it ever more poorly, and their children will lose the German language, and with it many great treasures will be lost entirely.

3) I fear that they will permit the little bit of German which they may still have to be entirely spoiled by Americanism.

4) I fear that in the course of time they will be ashamed of the German mother-tongue, in that they will be ashamed to let Americans hear that they are German and that they speak German, which is nothing but pride and man-service, and a cowardly submissiveness among Germans, and a proud Yankee spirit. Even though I grant that I will avoid speaking German in the presence of an American know-nothing fool, in order not to expose myself to his mockery, nevertheless it is stupid pride and wrong if at all times I avoid speaking German with Germans. Even as an American may justly expect of me that I grant him the right to speak English, and do not make sport of it, but put up with his English, so I may expect of him that he have that much fairness, to put up with me, and not make sport of it when I speak German with Germans. German people, be not intimidated by this hollow and proud Yankee spirit, and cheerfully speak your German, especially as there are a large number in this country who speak it. Guard against this language slavery, which some endeavor to establish here. If the German emigration continues as it has till now, and the number of births among Germans is relatively higher than that among the Americans, then the German folk may hope that it will grow faster than the American, and thus Germanism will win ever greater power and influence. But if the German folk, in slavish spirit, and out of fear of the American Yankee spirit, discards its language, and slavishly accommodates itself to that spirit, then that people alone bears the guilt if they lose those treasures which lie in Germanism, and hinder that growth.

5) As the German language was closely bound up with the Reformation of Luther, so today the German language or Germanism is closely bound with Lutheranism and the pure confessions, specifically in the United States.

On the other hand, the English language and the English and American churches have little or no communion with Lutheranism and pure confession. In the English and English-American Churches and

sects Calvinism and manifold error prevails. The same is true of the evangelical Danish and Swedish language, which also here is in close connection with Lutheranism.

If now a German discards his German language, or a Norwegian his Norwegian language, and if one of my descendants does this, then he is in danger of losing the Lutheran confession, and to get into Calvinism, sectarianism, or even Catholicism. He will become indifferent to pure doctrine and will fall into indifferentism.

6) It is false comfort that a German Lutheran gives himself when he discards his language, telling himself, we already have English congregations in this country with true Lutheranism, I can join these. For the English synods which in this country call themselves Lutheran, like the General Synod, are not Lutheran and bear the name Lutheran unjustly; they foster Calvinism, unionism and manifold error. Lutheran congregations with Lutheran pure confessions are very few.

7) If a German casts aside his language, because he hopes that the Lutheran Church will expand among the English American people, he has a false hope. Before that comes to pass, he can have died. That is God's affair, and who knows whether God will not withhold that treasure as a righteous judgment. Our Synod is indeed doing what it can to give Lutheranism to the English American people, but in part it has its hands full to plant and sustain true Lutheranism among the many Germans, which is manifestly its first duty; **and in part it is lacking in funds and teaching force to work in this field.**

8) Do not my descendants do wisely, then, to hold fast to the German language in order not to lose the Lutheran confession and to be able to remain with Lutheranism, as far as God by His grace has established it here among the Germans, and would they not be foolish to forget and lose the German language in the hope that God might yet establish the Lutheran Church among the English Americans? Does not that mean tempting God, if one casts aside and loses what one has, and hopes and builds upon something that does not yet exist, may not ever come, or may come only in later years, yea, may never come as a righteous judgment of God? God has given you Germans Lutheranism in the German language; seek it there and hold fast to it in your German language, and do not build upon uncertain things. Remember that, all you my children and children's children, and do not cast away your German language, perhaps out of pride, in order to be reckoned as Americans, and not to be despised and mocked because of your German.

9) The English American people is a people steeped in usury and service of mammon. If you lose the German language, and with the German language your Lutheranism, you will be exposed to the double

danger of being carried away in that whirlpool. You will, perhaps, because you no longer know German, go to an English church, and during the week you will bargain, practice usury, and serve mammon, like unto the great multitude.

10) Remember, my dear descendants, that, if you lose and cast away the German language, then you will lose the glorious sermon books, books of devotion, the beautiful German hymns, the noble, sublime liturgy of the Lutheran churches, the good order, discipline in our Lutheran congregations.

True, the Gospel should be preached in all languages; there are true Christians among all nations; but no nation has such a treasure of scripture exposition, devotional books, and no nation can produce as good a Bible translation. Should I on that account forsake the German language while I can be saved by means of another language, and because there can also be English, French and Spanish good Christians, though God offers me greater treasures in the German language than are to be found in the English or in any other language? It is and remains a foolish and sinful thing, if a Lutheran housefather among my descendants permits his German language to perish. If he does that, it cannot be of faith. There must be false and sinful motives behind it.

[Note: This is a strange tirade of our sainted forbear against the land which gave him so much, to which, I am sure, none of his descendants will agree. The founder of our particular Buerger family becomes guilty of that very fault for which he blames "the English Americans", pride. His pride in the German language blinded his reason and his judgment, so that he could not even recognize the possibility that God could use the medium of the English language to build a truly great Lutheran Zion on the United States, which is indeed, carrying the true Gospel back to the Land of the Reformation, which, to a great extent had lost it. And some of the very descendants he admonishes not to lose the German language, the writer among them, have been instruments in God's hand to proclaim pure Lutheran doctrine by means of that language which he so decries. And today, some three score years after our patriarch penned his words, we have much, if not all the treasures of German Lutheranism in good English. And it might even be true that some of the descendants of our honored forebear were lost to the Lutheran Church just because Lutheranism did not begin earlier to work through the medium of the English language. Therefore the last statement made must be condemned: that false and sinful motives must be behind a Lutheran housefather's permitting the German language to perish within his family. E.J.B.]

A Brief Accounting on the Administration of My Earthly Gifts and of My Household.

When I became pastor in Lunzenau in Saxony, and was still unmarried, I had to borrow six hundred dollars to equip the parsonage, since I could obtain nothing from my parents; also to buy clothing, etc. I borrowed the money from Pastor Keyl, Sr., and a farmer of my congregation.

I married my first wife, who brought with her, in money and goods, about three hundred dollars. Domestic cross, unjust fines, which I had to pay, prevented me from paying off my debt during the six years I was pastor at Lunzenau. I took that with me to America, and made an additional \$500 debts, which my journey to America with wife and two children cost me. Thus I had about \$1100 in debts. In America I had no salary during the first three years; we lived off the things we sold.

My wife died during the first year of the emigration. I departed from Perry County with my two children, in order to return to Germany, but was called as pastor, in Buffalo, of the Silesian congregation there, which had been unjustly banned by Grabau.

For nine years I was pastor in Buffalo, and married my second wife there. My salary in Buffalo averaged \$150 a year. That had to do for me, my wife and six children. There could be no thought of paying off the debt in Germany, which I had hoped to be able to do.

Of the travel money which, since I remained in Buffalo, I did not have to pay out, I built a house for \$200, on the lot which the congregation had acquired, in order to be free of rent.

After 9 years in Buffalo I had to move to the branch congregation in West Seneca. There I bought a piece of land for \$500 and paid \$100 on it, for the congregation in Buffalo would not pay me more for my house. These \$100, then, came from the sale of the belongings of my first wife.

In West Seneca my salary was small at the beginning, but grew, by and by, to \$300. I needed this income for my large family. The \$500 which the land cost, was paid off with the \$100 from my first wife, \$100 which Paul earned at a large elevator [?], \$200 for wood cut on my land, and \$100 from the salary I received in Washington. The land was worked by Paul and Martin, who later died, a hired hand and myself, as much as I had time. My second wife divided thriftily what I earned in my office, but could herself earn nothing, as she had her hands full with housekeeping and with a family grown larger still. She could contribute nothing toward the payment of the land, nor the payment of the debt; likewise could she help little on the farm. Her merit was her

faithfulness in the house. After 8 years in West Seneca I went to Washington. Out of my salary in Washington I supported my son, Ernst, in theological studies, which cost me \$400, and endowed four daughters as well as I could, and paid \$100, which was still due on the land. I also began to pay off on Pastor Keyl's debt, but there still remained my travel-debt, and a part of the debt to Pastor Keyl and to the farmer who helped me in Germany.

When I had gone to Hart, I sold my land in West Seneca for \$1400, it having increased in value pronouncedly in that period of time.

Of this \$1400 I paid off about \$500 in debts, sent Martin to college, which cost me over \$400, paid \$200 for a gravestone and the burial of Dorothy and my second wife. In Rushford I bought a house with land for \$400, and paid \$200 on it. My third wife contributed \$200 toward this, and later, for necessary repairs she contributed \$200 from her property. I had about \$200 in hand when I resigned my office in Hart.

Out of my salary in Hart (\$400 annually) I bought a melodion for \$210, and had saved about \$200 of my salary in Hart, which I had to use in Rushford since I no longer drew a salary.

My third wife brought to me about \$1500 in money and goods and through earnings from music. This \$1500 she gave up willingly, and it was used up mostly for the household. Of that which she left in money and goods at her death, I sent, according to her wish, about \$40 worth of memorials to her relatives in Germany. For the most part, I distributed her clothing and other things among my children, and that according to her wishes. What was left over was to belong to me, according to her wish.

It is shameful slander to say of me that I sent to relatives of my third wife things attained by my second wife through bitter toil.

For the most part my salary was small, even in Washington at first only \$400; later \$600.

Try to do what I did, in that I, out of my meager income, sent three sons to college, provided for four daughters in marriage as best I could, paid for nine funerals, and paid off \$1100 debts, before accusing me of being wasteful. I give God the glory, who helped me, or it would not have been possible. He also gave me conscientiousness, and directed my heart, for faithfulness to my family and conscientious payment of my debts. I must speak so here, since I have the right to defend my honorable name as much as possible. With this declaration I give no reproach to those, to whom this lie was given as truth, but those who have uttered it.

Similarly I reject the slander that says I sorrowed more over the death of my third wife, than at the death of my second. Both wives

were dear and treasured to me, both had their special merit; I mourned the death of both. He who saw my tears and my sorrow at the death of my second wife will not judge so unfairly. Should I remain cold as ice at the death of my third wife, and be entirely silent regarding her virtues, because she was to them an indifferent person?

Verse, in trueben Tagen gemacht.

Unter dem Kreuze

Im August 1889

*Ich liege unter Jesu Fuessen
Indem er an dem Kreuze haengt,
Da laesst er sein Blut auf mich
fliessen,
Indem er meinen Fluch aus staengt.*

*Von diesem Ort kann mich nicht
bringen
Gesetz, Fluch, Teufel, Suend' und
Welt.
Sie duerfen nicht bis dahin dringen,
Wo meines Heilands Blut hinfaellt.*

*Da will ich ruh'n, da will ich liegen,
Wenn's mit mir wird zum Sterben
geh'n,
Da will ich meinen Tod besiegen,
Da werd' ich nichts als Leben seh'n.*

*Tod, du bist tot, bist mir ein Lachen,
Der Satan hat kein Recht an mir;
Gesetz, du darfst mich nicht
verklagen,
Denn Jesu Blut fliesst auf mich hier.*

*So, so will ich von hinnen scheiden,
So soll mein Lebensende sein;
So endet sich mein Leid in Freuden,
So geh' ich in die Heimat ein.*

*Das fest zu fassen und vollbringen,
Dazu, o Jesu, hilf du mir;
Lass mir's durch deinen Geist
gelingen
Dass ich so fahre hin zu Dir!*

Harren and Hoffen

Im August 1889

*Was betruebst du dich, o Seele,
Gehest gebueckt, Liegest gedrueckt
In der Schwermutshoehle;
Klagest, seufzest, stoehnest und
weinest,
Weil in Not Du von Gott
Dich verlassen meinst.*

*Koennt' ein Weib ihr Kind so hassen,
Dass sie bald Hart und kalt
Wuerde es verlassen?
Darfst du Gottes Kind dich meinen,
Sollte sich Grausamlich
Dein Gott von dir trennen?*

*Fuehlt mit innigem Erbarmen
Mutterherz Kinderschmerz,
Weint's in ihren Armen,
Sollt' es Gott nicht besser meinen,
Gott mit dir, Wenn er hier
Dich, sein Kind, sieht weinen!*

*Hoert er nicht das Schrei'n der Raben,
So oft sie, Spaet und frueh
Wollen Speise haben?
Faellt ein Sperling von dem Dache,
Weil solch Ding, Klein gering
Auch schaetzt Gottes Wache?*

Wenn ihr glaubt und harrt, ihr
Frommen,
Und hofft still, Ei, so will
Bald die Hilfe kommen.
Gott will haben Hoffen, Harren;
Sel'ger Mann, Wer das kann,
Er soll's wohl erfahren.

Ei, wir werden einst Dir danken,
Jesu Christ, Dass Du bist
Heiland aller Kranken,
Aller schwer belad'nen Seelen.
Die viel Not, Suend' und Tod
Welt und Teufel quaelen.

Schlage zu!

Im August 1889

Schlag, o Herr, nur immer zu,
Doch gib dabei Seelenruh',
Mut, Geduld und Glauben.
Lehr' nicht halten fest dein Wort,
Wenn der Satan fort und fort
Mir es moechte Rauben.

Nicht im Zorne strafe mich,
In der Liebe gnaediglich
Zuecht'ge mich mit Massen,
Hab' ich Hoellenpein verdient,
Denk, dein Sohn hat mich versoeht,
Den ich glaebig fasse.

Adam sterbe mehr und mehr,
Dazu muss die Rute her,
Zuecht'ge, ich will's leiden.

Du, mein Gott, gibst mir den Sinn,
Dass ich ernstlich hasse ihn
Und will Suende meiden.

Doch ja tief ins Herz mir bild',
Dass nur Gnade bei mir gilt,
Nicht mein Werk und Leiden;
Christi Werke, Tod und Blut,
Retten mich vor Hoellenglut,
Fuehrt zu ew'gen Freuden.

Das allein gibt Ruhe mir,
Was ich, Jesu, hab' in dir
Wenn ich auf dich traue.
Das macht stark mich in der Not,
Wenn ich, Jesu, Mensch und Gott,
Glaebig Dich anschau.

Wort and Glaube

Im August 1889

Wenn ich mich will auf Gott verlassen,
So fass' ich ihn bei seinem Wort;
Fass ich sein Wort, so muss ich fassen
Ihn selber, und er kann nicht fort
Aus meiner starken Glaubenshand;
Ich halt ihn fest, und er haelt Stand.

Gott kann ja nicht sein Wort
verleugnen,
Halt ich's ihm vor, er leugnet's nicht;
Will sich dann manche Not ereignen,
Schnell eil' ich dahin, wo Gott
spricht,

So finde ich auch bald etwas
War mir gehoert und das ich fass'.

D'rum klammert sich fest meine Seele,
Ich wehre mich, so gut ich kann,
Dass mir es nicht an Glauben fehle,

Denn Satan laeuft dagegen an,
Der alte Adam auch dazu,
Sie lassen mir nicht Rast noch Ruh'.

Musst du das wunderbarlich nicht
finden:
Ein Mensch, der Asche ist, und Koth,
Ein suend'ger Mensch kann
ueberwinden
Den heil'gen und allmaecht'gen Gott?
Und doch ist's so, in Canaan
Hat's auch ein heidnisch Weib getan.

Das ist die Kunst, die nur bei
Frommen
Bekannt ist und getrieben wird;
Zu dieser Kunst kann nur der
kommen,
Den Gott mit seinem Geiste ziert;

*O selig, selig ist der Mann,
Der Gottes Wort recht glauben kann.*

*Siecht er denn kommen Not und
Plagen,
Er fuerchtet nichts, ist unverzagt;
Ihm wird das Schwere leicht zu
tragen,
Denn er ist stark durch's Wortes
Macht.*

*Er lehnt sich an den starken Hort,
Der zu ihm redet durch sein Wort.*

*Wenn Glaub' und Wort zusammen-
kommen,
Dann ist der Glaube gut und recht,
Wird ihm das Wort hinweggenommen,
So ist gewiss der Glaube schlecht,*

*Auch hilft's Wort ohne Glaub' dir
nicht,
Der Unglaub' stuerzt dich ins Gericht.*

*Hast du von Gott etwas gebeten,
Das er in seinem Wort verspricht,
Du glaubest auch in deinen Noeten,
Gott werde dir's versagen nicht,
Die Hilfe aber trifft nicht ein,
Was soll dann deine Hoffnung sein?*

*Nicht zweifeln, es wird doch noch
kommen,
In Hoffnung warten mit Geduld,
Denn Gott uebt gerne seine Frommen,
Und handelt so in Lieb und Huld;
Zuletzt wirst du's erfahren schon,
Der Glaube findet grossen Lohn.*

Die Heiligen

Im August 1839

*Die Suende ist ein Ungeheuer,
Gott straft sie mit dem ew'gen Feuer
In seinem heiligen Gericht.
Den, welchen Gott nicht frei von
Sünde
Nicht heilig und ganz rein wird
finden
Stösst er von seinem Angesicht.*

*Furchtbares Wort! Für Menschen-
kinder!
Denn alle Menschen sind ja Suender,
Sie muessen also alle Pein
Fuer ihre vielen Suenden leiden
In ungemessnen Ewigkeiten!
Wer wollte noch ein Mensch gern sein!*

*Doch still! du kannst und sollst ja
werden
Ganz rein und heilig hier auf Erden
Und so entgeh'n der Hoellenpein.
Gott Lob, es ist im Heil'gen Orden
Schon mancher Mensch ein Glied
geworden
Auch du darfst in ihr treten ein.*

*Wie mach'ich das? so wirst du fragen,
Nichts, gar nichts kannst du dazu
machen,*

*Die Heiligen macht Gott allein.
Wie sich ein Stein nicht selbst kann
regen,
Ein Toter sich nicht kann bewegen,
So kannst du nichts als Suender sein.*

*Der Heil'ge Geist muss da regieren,
Der muss dich hin zu Jesu fuehren,
Und der schenkt dir die Heiligkeit,
Die er durch Leiden, Blumen, Sterben
Dir schwer und sauer musst erwerben,
Durch Glauben ziehst du an dies
Kleid.*

*D'rum lässt er's Evangelium lehren,
Wirkt dadurch in dir bei dem Hoeren,
Lässt dich dein gross' Verderben
seh'n,
Wirkt Busse, lehrt auf Jesum trauen,
Lehrt dich auf eig'nes Werk nicht
bauen
So wirst du heilig, rein und schoen.*

*Gehoerest du nun zu den Orden
Der Heiligen und bist geworden
Vor Gott durch Glauben gut und rein,
So lasse nun auch deine Werke
Durch seines Geistes Kraft und
Stärke
So viel als moeglich heilig sein.*

*Dem Glauben folgen gute Werke,
Wo Glaube ist, da ist auch Staerke,
Dass man kann wandeln fromm vor
Gott.*

*Vornehmlich wandle in der Liebe,
In Demut, Sanftmut treu dich uebe,
Nach Gottes heiligem Gebot.*

*Doch müssen klagen alle Frommen,
Dass hier auf Erden unvollkommen
Und suendhaft oft ihr Wandel sei;*

*Wie oft reizt uns schnell und
geschwinde,
Das böse Fleisch, zu tun die Suende;
Von ihr macht erst der Tod uns frei.*

*Sind wir mit Suenden stets beladen,
So werden wir allein aus Gnaden
Durch Glauben heilig und gerecht.
Die Heiligkeit für's ew'ge Leben
Kann uns nur Jesus Christus geben,
Die Eig'ne ist dazu zu schlecht.*

Die Verdammten

Im September 1889

*Das Evangelium hat Gott
Aus Gnaden uns gegeben
Und sollen fuer die Suend' und Tod
Empfangen Heil und Leben,
Also hat Gott die Welt geliebt,
Dass Er uns seinen Sohn ergibt,
Des soll die Welt sich freuen.*

*Ja, freuen soll sich Gross und Klein!
Der Sohn, ihm wert und teuer
Schickt er der boesen Welt herein
In grossem Liebesfeuer,
Steckt ihn in Marter, Angst und Not,
Laesst sterben ihn den Kreuzestod,
Fuer ihre Schuld zu zahlen.*

*Ja fuer das ganze Suenderheer
Das eine Welt begangen,
Für Sünden, wie der Sand am Meer
Muss nun der Gottmensch hangen
Am Fluchholz. O du Menschenkind,
Auch du hast Gottes Zorn entzünd't,
Dafuer sein Sohn muss buessen.*

*So kann nun jeder Suender los
Von Schuld und Strafe werden;
Die Suende, sei sie noch so gross,
Die je geschah auf Erden,
Sie wird, wenn man nur Busse tut,
An Christum glaubet, recht und gut,
Vergeben und vertilget.*

*Man sollte meinen, alle Welt
Werd' sich darueber freuen,
Und dieses teure Loesegeld
Hochachten und sich scheuen,*

*Dafuer viel lieber Suend' und Tod,
Verdammnis, Teufel, Hoellennot,
Zu waehlen und zu lieben.*

*Und doch ist's so, sie hasset Gott,
Begehrt nicht seine Gnade,
Waehlt lieber Teufel, Höll und Tod,
Waehlt lieber solche Pfade,
Auf welche sie der Satan fuehrt,
Und wo sie Leib und Seel' verliert,
Als Christum und Erloesung.*

*Wer solches Heil frech von sich
stoest,
Das Gott uns laesst verkuenden,
Dass er hat alle Welt erloest,
Und alle will entbinden
Von ihrer Schuld und Missetat,
Und geben will fuer Fluch Genad',
Und schmecken ew'ges Leben.*

*Verachtet das mit leichtem Mut,
Will nicht den Himmel haben,
Nicht Gottes Sohn, das hoechste Gut
Und seine grossen Gaben,
Die er so freundlich bietet an,
Fuerwahr von dem wird frech getan
Die groesste aller Suenden.*

*Das bringet nun zur Hoell' die Welt,
Dass sie nicht will annehmen
Wenn solches Heil wird vorgestellt,
Wenn Gott lockt, wuenscht, dass
kaemen*

*Die Menschen alle, Gross und Klein,
Zu Christo, um durch ihn ganz rein
Und ewig reich zu werden.*

Was Wunder, wenn es nirgends fehlt
 An Unglueck, Straf und Ruten,
 Wenn auf die so verstockte Welt
 Hinstuerzen grosse Fluten
 Des Zornes Gottes, wenn Genad,
 Huld und Geduld ein Ende hat!
 Bedenkt's doch, all' ihr Suender!

Wenn aus dem grossen Feuersee
 Nun der verdammten Seelen
 Zum Himmel schauen in die Hoeh',
 Wie mag es sie wohl quaelen,
 Wenn sie dran denken in der Pein,
 Dass sie auch koennten selig sein,
 Wenn sie geglaubet haetten.

Die grosse Gefahr der sicheren Weltkinder

Ein Voeglein auf dem Baume sass
 Vergnuegt und unbekuemmert,
 Da sieht's wie Etwas in dem Gras
 In roter Farbe schimmert.

Es eilt hinab in schnellem Flug
 Und sieht da Beeren hangen;
 Es ahnet nicht List und Betrug
 Dass es will Jemand fangen.

Begierig huepft es naecher zu,
 Pickt an die roten Dinge,
 Doch ach! eh' sich's versieht, im Nu
 Ist es schon in der Schlinge.

So geht es in der letzten Zeit,
 In welcher wir nun stehen!

Die Welt lebt hin in Sicherheit,
 Will die Gefahr nicht sehen.

Man isst und trinkt, man schlaeft und
 schafft,
 Spielt, frey't und braucht die Sinne
 Nur Tag und Nacht mit voller Kraft,
 Dass man viel Geld gewinne.

So gehen sie denn fort und fort
 Auf Satan's Hoellenwegen,
 Verachten sicher Gottes Wort
 Und Christi Heil und Segen.

Da ploetzlich bricht herein der Herr
 Mit seinen Engelschaaren,
 Erschrecken trifft nun gross und
 schwer
 Die, welche sicher waren.

Hebe Auf Dein Haupt

Hebe auf dein Haupt, du keine Herde,
 Des Himmelskoenigs liebe, werte
 Verlobte und erwaehlte Braut!
 Zum Hochzeitsmal wirst du bald
 geben

Und deinen Braeutigam bald sehen
 Den du durch Glauben bist vertraut!

Halt vollends treulich aus im Streite,
 Dein Koenig steht dir ja zur Seite,
 Halt aus im Glauben und Geduld!

Bald oeffnen sich die Himmelstore,
 Bald hoerst du mit verklaertem Ohre
 Der Sel'gen Lob von Gottes Huld!

Verstehest auch gleich mitzusingen
 Wenn Himmelsharmonien klingen
 Und wunderschoene Melodie;
 Was wird es sein fuer Lust und Leben,
 Wenn man, von Seligen umgeben,
 Im Frieden lebt, im Streite nie!